



**AKALA**

**THE WAR MIXTAPE**  
(ENHANCED CD INCLUDES WAR VIDEO)

# Akala Lyrics

## “Welcome To England”

Welcome to England, part of so called Great Britain  
But ain't a fucking thing great about the way we're living  
For me it's hard to see how we're perceived over seas  
It's believed we sip teas, and speak like the Queen  
Nigga please, the streets will suck your blood like a leech  
A lot of shells, ya get wet but real far from a beach  
Dole queue, fifty pounds a week, ends don't meet  
If ya like me even your mum's done hustled more than weed  
Times are harder, we get dads but few get fathers  
And we still pray but shit, get few answers  
Every single area with an ethnic majority  
Full of drugs, guns and poverty, getting to thirty is a lottery  
And the government, deceiving the white working classes  
Into believing they're supportive to us black bastards  
Bullshit! Like we're living so cool  
Go to your local fast food, take a look at who's serving you  
And the schools are bullshit too, so we're weighing out grams  
I'm strange amongst the mans 'cause I got some exams  
I grew among youths real nice with the knowledge  
Yet I'm the only one who finished school, let alone college  
Our role models ain't doctors, but shottas who pop hollows  
Chefs that cook food that'll kill you if you swallow  
So addictive once the wicked thing holds you, you're never right  
Can't begin to count the lives I've seen consumed by the pipe  
Walking ghosts, that sold their own soul for them rocks  
And mandem shot them rocks, just to cop rocks  
'Cause the shining kind of rocks make sluts suck cock  
Along with jocks and repping their ends by busting gunshots  
It's on top, you cannot tell me all is not lost  
Grown man is busting shots just 'cause they're dying for props  
That's why, public displays, guns spraying in raves  
But most of these youths can't shoot, so innocents hit by the strays  
Our, future is fucked, that much is obvious  
And I'm, far from perfect so I make no promises  
'Cause every day create more Doreen Lawrences  
So it's fake, when they make out like all is positive  
I gotta keep them things and be willing to bust them  
Niggas is ignorant, no discussion, you'll get murdered for nothing  
A pregnant woman, got kneecapped, over a car crash

Ten year old boy stabbed and left bleeding to death in his own flat  
Man is warring over manors not even drugs  
You'll get plugged, for stepping on the wrong toe in clubs  
You wanna know how real it is? I'll tell you with ease  
All you gotta do, look at the last two New Year's Eves  
One just passed, four teenage girls went out for a blast  
Two never came home, machine guns that were blast  
The year before, a man survived a shot in the chest  
Bullet pierced the wall, put the gunman's own friend to his death  
And what's funny, is that we ain't even shocked  
This shit happens every day, so we just shrug it off  
And that's a basic introduction to Britain's black community  
No Puffys or Jiggas 'cause we got no unity  
That's why, half the world don't even know that we're here  
Yet we're living the same struggle, our mothers cry the same tears  
And of course, I want my kids to have a better life  
But for now... I gotta survive

# Akala Lyrics

## “C.R.E.A.M. (Freestyle)”

Who wanna be broke? Nobody, that's a joke  
That's why coats get blood soaked for pound notes  
That's most of the reason niggas bleeding from gun smoke  
It's all of the reason that a twelve year old sell coke  
That's why mum's stressed out, that's why niggas stretched out  
If you stackin' cake, we'll break in your house, tape up your mouth  
Take the spouse, where's the cash?  
Give me the work or the cash, or you gettin' clapped  
You can be the king of the track, or rap, niggas is rash  
Long as you black you can get jacked, that is a fact  
I never really been rich but I know one thing that won't change  
Never let a man that bleed the same take my chain  
I feel raped, I buss it, fuck it  
I couldn't rest knowing the man took what's mine and I did nothing  
How I run it, I done stuck a few in my days  
But I'm still here so fuck it, party away  
Get paid, get laid, get a house with a maid  
Give back to those that was raised how you was raised  
Whoever said life ain't about stackin' paper?  
They a fuckin' idiot, and they need to wake up

# Akala Lyrics

## “This is London”

[Verse 1]

The place where you find the coldest ballers you ever seen  
But they locked up or dead not in the Premier league  
Best kid that I knew turned fiend by 16  
It seems things never the way you see in your dreams  
Years past, tears start, kids turn to teens  
That sweet child you knew, grill done turn mean  
Daddy left him and reality set in there's no cream  
And it's embarrassing goin' school with holes in ya jeans  
So, you know the cycle, it's little bags of green  
Get expelled and sell the world hell by 16  
Fuck a couple pristine chicks that suck dick mean  
Couple bottles of cris sipped and wrists lit mean  
And it's logical, lucky niggas do time that's horrible  
Catch the flipside and ya speak with the oracle  
It's fucked up yeah, but that's just how it is  
And ain't nuttin' on these roads gonna change but the clip

[Hook]

This is London  
Black t'ugs bust big slugs  
This is London  
Give ya fuckin' punks tough love  
This is London  
Single mums that pump drugs  
This is London, Bruva this is London  
(London calling...)

[Verse 2]

The place where it don't matter if you never sold a shot  
Never run up on a nigga like "gimme what you got"  
Get ya brain sprayed on the pave, in front of the rave  
No reason other than niggas is frustrated  
So many catching cases over screw faces  
And dumb shit like we come from different places  
London get your shit smoked like a chalice  
Same city, different planet from Buckingham Palace  
Where young t'ugs is clutchin' big straps that's Russian  
And dyin' to buss it what the fuck good is discussions?  
Where hood rats is sucking any dick that push a nice somethin'  
And them said gyal'a get you set like your life's nuthin'  
Cause life's nothing that's just how it is  
And there ain't nothing on these roads gonna change but the clip

Chorus

[Verse 3]

The place where you don't fuck with the Turks or the Asians

Triads, pikey's, even Caucasians  
Where them cockney boys will chiv your face, you mug  
No love, every colour mentality thug  
But we take it to a whole 'nother level  
Little girls gettin' shot in the back is not clever  
Never far from the hood, even in the Sticks  
Couple wrong turns, get dash out ya whip  
By some little skinny kid, think he big with the chrome  
They said he'd be the next Ian Wright but  
The skunk said no  
In this place, if you work you're an idiot  
Most of the smartest motherfuckers illiterate  
'Cause tax is a bitch, take half your pension  
Just to fight war, now they want congestion  
And they wonder why we all goin' insane  
This is London, tell me is your city the same?

# Akala Lyrics

## “Roll Wid Us”

[Verse 1]

It's my time like it or not gotta ride can't fight  
This thing'll take you with it like a landslide  
My mind spitting rhymes refined as old wines  
No games since age 5 I hold mine  
Never fell for the spells they tell in this world  
I read Malcolm, you was learning to spell  
I took exams early with the geeks in the school  
Opened a business you were still chasing your balls  
I spent my teens sticking but I'm one of Britain's best mathematicians  
Official, I got the certificate  
So however you want it kid we could do scholarship politics  
Or the opposite  
War with hollow tips No supathug, just I don't fear, why would I?  
You bleed like me and breathe the same air  
I got a purpose on this earth  
And I ain't ready to go  
So if I gotta send you first then let it be so

[Hook:]

Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]  
It's time now the wait is over  
Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]  
It's time now the wait is over

[Verse 2]

It's bigger than the music  
It's more like a movement  
A unit of trueness spreading like rumors  
They foolish, say I can't do it they doubt  
Cause we acorns now just watch out for the tree that sprouts  
When it does, remember I told you  
I'm going from local to global  
Poor and hopeful  
From glueing back shoes  
Cause they showing my toes through  
To owning shoe companies and yards on the coastal  
If you real grab on, I'm taking the fam with me  
But hold on tight cause we movin real swiftly  
Fakes can't stop my flight  
Not your life that's like  
Trying to fight atomic war with a knife  
(can't do that)  
Fight like mike with control not physically  
If ignorance is bliss that explain my misery  
I'm clear in my vision b, solve your mystery  
Compete with me you get whitewashed like black history



[Hook]

[Verse 3]

It's not all gravy, man dem is shady  
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me  
It's not all gravy, man dem is shady  
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me  
Get yours, there's only one life to live  
You gotta feed your kids, you gotta eat real big  
Young soldier you can do whatever you want to  
And no one out there can stop you  
Not sure just watch me for practice  
In these board meetings  
Taking cheese off crackers  
You actors are not factors  
I see the bluff cause you sell crack  
It does not mean that you're tough  
It's the matrix and it's blatant you  
Paper thugs are not ready yet  
For getting unplugged  
Grown man still talking like  
You know who I am, where I'm from'  
Bredren what the fuck are you on?  
Telling the world who you shot  
And what are you earning  
When you get popped that will not stop it from burning  
So it's worthless, you gots to be a soldier  
Watch me grind you'll understand it as you get older  
Nothing pretty but when I do things the job's over  
Never stick at that critical moment, I'm potent  
I'm focused, you jokers can't see me  
I feel like a marksman at point blank it is too easy

# Akala Lyrics

## “Roll Wid Us (Remix)”

Right about now  
I got man and em for u understand?  
Young Niccolo - 15 y'know?!

Big E  
Quest talk to dem!  
Many men in tha street  
But none of them is live like me  
Quick to fire around like me  
A young gun that's I'll  
Hustler on tha block - shit real  
Catch ya case hits tha streets  
Till da sun's revealed  
Listen I ain't trippin  
Illin out da states  
Spittin/grimey type  
Put a hole in ya missus  
Love beef so I stay in the kitchen  
Hard to move in the game if u a pawn & ya queen is missin  
Cause niggas round here play 4 keeps  
AK's that'll spray all day  
Blow ya lungs to ya feet  
Overseas wid da gullious thieves  
Roll Wid It Get Rolled Through Playa deadly in these streets  
Record tight jus let em' fight  
Bang hammers cause on the block cause we hot - livin tha streetlife  
Ain't nuthin new to real soldiers  
Hold It down  
Game is over  
From shotown 2 London - we rollin  
Uhh  
Roll Wid Us Or Get Rolled Over  
It's time now the wait is over  
Never let em' see you sweat  
Man of respect  
Yeh We live like we roll Tec's  
Full of ourselves  
Best of the best - my niggas blessed  
Thanks for askin  
Thanks for passin  
Knuckle bruise from the blastin  
I gave u gonerhell  
Kill tracks like my dick touch tha ovaries  
And my chick took the pill  
Can't take her back - too much pain  
Moved Work  
Towerbridge in my whip like 12 times a day

And I'm still goin true - so shine away  
F\*ck cops - maintain, stretched out & claim  
Keep feedin em' - whatz there to eat  
Fried Rice, Chicken Wings plus barbeque ribs - that's beef  
Chilled orange juice  
Kit back purposely  
And if u catch me outta hood  
U can bet it's P  
Soldier I need a backpack to carry mine  
Best believe cause they bigga than none  
So what - Bless ya  
Roll Wid Us Or Get Over  
Faggots talk hard but don't get no bolder  
Shookin tha club widout they soldiers  
Normal rollers just they olders  
Two-steppin  
Louie Crep wid the checked laces  
Yeh she's buff but her face pasted  
So I can't place it  
I'm a fly nigga  
In any hood  
I would ride nigga  
Before taklin like 'nah nigga'  
Roll Wid Us Or Get Rolled Over  
It's time now the wait is over  
Yo  
L8li tingz hav been insane  
I'm catchin stupid beef for ova peeps speekin my sake  
Nu carlo stay loyal to da fam  
Da fam fought tha same way  
We leasin tracks for no cats searchin 4 a pay day  
But let's get one fing cleared up right now  
Ain't nobody out there messin wid ma fam str8 up  
Now listen - I ain't trynna drop a word of wisdom  
But trynna show heads that don't know the place we live in  
Where u got those? he shot tha fiends to make a livin  
Will those envy? pretend to be friendz & I'm snitchin  
While lil kidz are swearing hood in every drop I'm pissin  
People end up missing - families left reminiscin  
No fam beat tha clique  
M1 blocks where we jam  
If ya son says us on blud  
Live me for my mans  
Understand when I walkin road I check my shoulders  
Your friendli man down tha phone blud - u ain't a soldier  
Now I understand what they say to him when he's older  
Roots see his roads Roll Wid Us or get rolled over  
I understand what they say to him when he's older  
Roll Wid Us blud or get rolled over  
Roll Wid Us Or Get Rolled Over  
It's time now the wait is over  
A rolling stone gathers no moss

Matter without movement  
And Pac's no force for the cause  
I keep rolling  
So composed it  
While u was top speed  
I'm still strolling  
Fake thugs folding - u niggas is done  
U just can't cannot fight - that's a fist to a gun  
Bold when the sun  
I'm ten versus one  
Smoked to a lung  
U little bastard - disaster must come  
But most  
Only postponed  
U clones get dethroned  
I shoot truth - leave ya lies leakin tha road  
Bleed & exposed  
Yes my flows are cold as an artic blizzard  
It's not written in poems  
Merlin verses  
Dark as a womb  
Worse than curses for raiding tha tomb  
Meet ya doom - tha kid who can't be moved  
I'm just livin out my name - it's all so plain  
I'm different f\*ckin gravy  
Eva since tha lick  
I keep the grasscuts - so the snakes can't slither my shits  
We could talk stocks & figures like shots from triggers  
Niggas gettin smoked like Kippers  
Cause man and em' don't learn till tha shit happen first  
This is not Usher but yeh we could let it burn  
Roll Wid It - It's betta wid mo hands  
Even when you can't fight what u don't understand  
Roll Wid Us G  
Or Get Rolled Over!  
That's right  
It's not a rumour blud  
We coming for this year blud

# Akala Lyrics

## “U Ain’t A Killer”

[Verse 1]

I never claim to be no killer, just a little skinny nigga  
But I'm down to get in it and jack the ripper if my life's threatened  
Sicker than liquor in livers, when the trigger pepper up a silly nigga  
Leave 'em stiff, no pretty picture  
I'm no atheist, but Satan's waitin'  
And I'm one shred of patience from havin' to face him  
Real recognize real, but these fakers  
Don't see 'til you makin' duppies like Wes Craven  
And the haters wanna know if you mean what you spit  
And they got nothin' to lose, they gon' never be shit  
But dude don't get me confused with none of these cliques  
That talk clips then they hit notes soon as they shift  
I'm more similar to Malcolm, I track a school yard  
But the road is the road so a tool's never too far  
I love niggas but I'm no dummy  
And ain't no one inflictin' that pain on my mummy

[Hook]

What, you ain't a killer, you still learnin' how to walk  
From London to Leeds, get your frame outlined in chalk  
Mark you for death, though we pray for a better day  
But as far as today, y'all niggas gotta pay, what?  
You ain't a killer, you just talkin' a song  
You ran to the feds when it's on, pussy, take off your thong  
Mark you for death, don't talk that where you from shit  
That don't mean nuttin', unless it help you dodge a clip

[Verse 2]

Niggas talk tough but I don't believe 'em  
Empty vessels make noise, they always screamin'  
Cause a scene in the club, like the bitches to see  
Love the hype, love the noise, blud, I don't believe it  
These dickheads from school days, walkin' with a screw face  
Now they got a ting and they caught a little food case  
All of a sudden everybody tuggin', everybody dark  
Everybody gums runnin', 'til the guns spark  
Firms of dudes deep in the dirt like worms  
But worms'll have you burn like an old school perm  
It's the most dumb, with most pain, they tote guns with no brain

They will shoot you and tell the world just for the name  
It's war, stay with a soldier medal  
Keep low in the trenches, or you'll need more than a dentist  
In London, niggas'll leave you stiff and dark  
No reason in particular, shit it's sick-ular  
Get your wig twisted, this shit ain't twisted it's the laws of physics  
If a crisp bitch legs' open then a nigga's gonna hit it  
You keep talkin' that shit, you go missin'  
Lie too many times it'll sound convincin' but  
[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Bredren, fuck the hype, laugh if you wise  
Cus flames that burn bright, live the shortest life  
It's why these loose cannons don't make it to 25  
It's time, the signs right there but niggas is blind  
So, I stay with the London state of mind  
Touch mine, and I'm on you like shit to a fly  
Clip and a guy, me nah bust shit in the sky  
Think it's lies? When you see me, you are welcome to try  
No tuff guy, but trust I, nah bluff my  
Talk is true, you don't wanna see the proof  
Brudda yo, I'm double O with mind  
Anything I do, I move like MI5  
That's the rhymes, even coming down to the sight  
My eagle eyes recognize snakes, even disguised  
Everybody want a plate when you splittin' the pie  
But you find you on your own when them shells gotta fly  
Know why?

[Hook]

# Akala Lyrics

## “Watcher (Freestyle)”

I'm the watcher, to me you cocksuckers are transparent  
I see the future like tarots, my talent embarrass you faggots  
Your shit is tragic like what happened to Magic  
I'm cold turkey to addicts, wolf to a rabbit  
Same city, different planet from Buckingham Palace  
Where Rastas are smokin' the chalice, niggas drinkin' liquor by the barrels  
Barrels smoke 'em, bullets soak in your apparel  
I'm Sagittarius, so it's natural that I spit arrows  
The watcher, I see proper, so called top shotters  
Tell the world your business so you 'bout to get knocked by the coppers  
But never lock up 'cus you sing like the opera  
Pussy'ole fi get chop up, they got no morals  
Think you ruthless 'cus the world see that you shootin? You stupid  
On the low-low is how you should do tings  
Passing your straps for stripe, you niggas are bitches  
I don't know you, I know who you clippin', so much are snitches  
Fuck the fame and the name, that ain't the aim of the game  
Supposed to scheme for a better day  
But niggas can't see, it's like they blind  
It's cool, 25, plenty time to open your eyes  
Like Memphis, future bleak, government vengeance  
Like hell they wanna help, they just uppinn' the sentence  
Two strikes is life in the country we live in  
If you pop shots, but not if you fuck children  
So who you think they tryin' to imprison?  
But niggas don't wanna listen  
Limited vision is inhibited wisdom  
So I keep my eyes open, every moment I'm focused  
You jokers is bogus, I flow ferocious I'm sure that you know this  
A lot of dudes spittin' written but I'm ripping riddims  
God given, so you sinnin' if you think that you winnin'  
No religion, not a Christian I believe in the spirit  
Even if you a heathen, you believe in my lyrics  
I'm the Einstein of physics, Shakespeare to writing  
Tyson to fighting, strikin' like lightnin', we're frightenin', timin' like (?)  
See clear, my vision refined  
Look through my eyes, you feel like you see them for the first time  
I spot the snakes, I know they kind  
The fakes is easy to break

They got no spine, them man are principle  
Discipline you niggas like the principal  
My lyrical miracles, biblical to spiritual criminals



# Akala Lyrics

## “War”

[Skit/freestyle: Akala]

Akala means it can't be moved  
Wise tug I stand firm like Muhammad or Malcolm  
I won't budge, face it, this gyal naked or scrolls sacred  
I'm the worst thing from England since the slave shit  
Rappers still so real, it's time  
Hit you so hard I separate your thoughts from your mind  
Wizard of written kid, blizzards spittin' I'm so cold  
Fassies get exposed by my snub-nosed flow  
My 12-gauge frays at close range and make you levitate  
Like David Blaine, it ain't no game  
Bredrin if you real, roll with it  
This is the movement, it's Akala blud and you can't move it

[Verse 1: Akala]

Just another strap burst, another black cursed, packed church  
Another black man in a hearse before his 21st  
Same story to tell all over the world  
Crack sales, packed jails, sports, music on sale  
Shoot 3 points or score goals  
Just the slang's different, you'll relate to my flow  
Hoes suck dick when your neck all froze  
And you're known to move stone cold duppying foes  
What you know, about single mums on the dole?  
Had to hustle, raising 3 kids on their own  
That's why I'm so grimy now, gotta give her the credit  
She was always grinding, so for me it's genetic  
No matter what, won't stop till my mum's living lavish  
Shopping trips to Paris, till then, you faggots have had it  
Talk a lot but you can't do shit to me  
Shells among your iceberg will make you history

[Hook: Akala] x2

"There's a war going on outside no man is safe from" -  
[Sample from Mobb Deep's Survival Of The Fittest]  
You can't crumble or stumble, you gotta stay strong  
Show these suckers on top getting preyed on  
Concrete streets, the heat'll leave you laid on

[Verse 2: Akala]

It's the jungle where the prey turned killer  
Streets is a gym where man work out there to improve their fitness  
Bigger weight you push, the bigger you get  
Not the size of your pecs, but your cheques and your reps  
Niggas is partners too take turns for sex

One run his mouth the other do reps with his index  
You talk real slick but don't really want shit  
Man I stock more magazines than WHSmith  
And I ain't glorifying nuttin', just reality  
Make no man, mishandle my dough or my family  
Shit'll get worse than prison for pedophiles and snitches  
Cut you so wide you'll need a rope for your stitches  
Teach one but I fear none, I ain't just spittin'  
Mine or your mum's gonna cry then my eardrum's ringing  
'Cause shit, my mum's already lost 4 infants  
The 3 boys then only me, that's why I'm so militant  
[Hook x2]

I'm only 19 but my mind is older  
I'm Europe's youngest black company owner  
[?] the style of wireless on this whole island  
Shit's so rowdy, burst your eardrum when I'm miming  
I walk jeans sagging, [?]  
It's hard to believe my GCSEs improved the nation's average  
And these dicks think they know me well  
The only thing hotter than my flow is the shells  
[?] receivers go missing  
The way I [?] it can't be fixed by positions  
Play your position, before I stop rapping start spitting  
And you little bitches resting in ditches  
No one too credible for attention to medical  
Slugs encase your cerebral, make you a vegetable  
Heat's unbearable, these streets are terrible  
Kids are eating food even though it's inedible

[Hook x2]

# Akala Lyrics

## “Bells Of War (Freestyle)”

Let me give you some real shit for a second  
Yo, listen...

Five hundred years of tears, we still here  
Standing strong, the only thing that we fear  
The reflection in the mirror, the hate is deep  
It's been this way since Willie Lynch made the speech  
Divide and rule got us all by the balls  
The referee's cheatin', but we playin' by the rules  
Even after all the rape and the killing  
We still let the same man educate our children  
There's been no apology, we still forgivin'  
And he's got the cheek to portray us as the villain  
Look across the globe at the way we are livin'  
The darker the skin, the realer the condition, no coincidence  
We built the whole western world for free  
And what thank you did we get? To be hung from trees?  
We been whipped, been stripped of our truth  
But we still standin', a tree without roots  
Black rose from the concrete, the petals is damaged  
But surely you see the beauty of what just happened  
What don't kill you, make a nigga strong, that's a fact  
And we've been abused for so long, you do the math

(Akala)

its not a rumour



# Akala - Stand Up Lyrics

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All my people, wherever in Britain  
Bro I know the flows cold,  
Let me know that you feel it,  
And I know the roads slow but your ready to kill me  
Cause I feel that same pain, hear the lyrics I'm spittin'  
Critics ask why I don't smile, they gotta be kiddin',  
Little kids'll blow your head off, just to say that they did it,  
I'm in the streets one deep, these villains think that I'm slippin', #  
Nah bruv, I don't care bout none of you spitters,  
If your real then your eelin' it,  
Nah, idont give a shit,  
Respect the message nigga, illa state records,  
British flag, yard colours cause tell me where my  
Head is  
First time you saw me, iwas screamin' 'fuck the  
Police',  
Next icame I change the whole game in the streets,  
These wollys still tryna' catch up with ' war', I  
Bang harder,  
Father, 'roll wid us' huh, iain't even started...

'Moss side... stand up... longisght... stand up...  
Hansworth... stand up... aston... stand up  
Newtown... stand up... London... stand up  
Anywhere, everywhere all my people stand up  
St.pauls... stand up... chapelton... stand up...  
Luton... stand up... London... stand up...  
Anywhere, everywhere all my people stand up! '

All my tugs stand up, fist in the sky,  
Girls too... hands high, now your chillin' with I,  
Mr.brazilian, so of course the womaen is feelin'him,  
Lyrics is brilliant, no question, illa state england,  
I ain't watchin' the states neither, their whole  
Shit's tired,  
All the great rappers is either dead or retired,  
All these sappy cunts, talkin' bout bitches n'  
Blunts,  
How much your chain cost, and you bustin' ya gun,  
And you can't spit, your sticks, ya get hang a box in  
The chops,  
Silly boys can't bang with me, fools can't hangwith me,  
Idont relly care unless it's paper or my family.  
Home's this is the roads and there's only one  
Strategy,  
Though I hate my reality, it's just way it has to be,

'Coventry... stand up bradford... stand up...  
Wolftown... stand up... glasgow... stand up  
Cardiff... stand up... London... stand up  
Anywhere everywhere, all my people stand up!

Derby... stand up... leicester... stand up...  
Newcastle stand up... sheffield... stand up...  
Belfast... stand up... London... stand up  
Anywhere, everywhere, all my people stand up! '

I talk alot, but idon't conversate with punks,  
Try so hard to teach but ya man dem are dunce,  
Don't learn when the shit happen,  
Burn when the clap em,  
This is not a perm, but you worms get a relaxin'  
My reaction, only in a street fashion,  
I am not bulletproof- could get my melon  
Splattered,  
So I stay ready, spread positive energy,  
But I know full well couple prars wanna bury me,  
No reason, just cause, that's the negativity,  
How could you be a nigga-not feelin' my delivery?  
Lyrically, my ability, rippin' up killa's viciously,  
Spitter's that wanna mimic me,  
Stickin' them where the spirits be, huh  
Pretty boy akala, move like a ape,  
Skinny, but ipush plates, like I'm fresh off a 8,  
Ah mate, so you relly shoulk sty in ya lane,  
Only spitter on my level got the same last name

# Akala - Yeah Yeah Yeah Lyrics

---

There's a lot of talk, who flow the meanest,  
Work it out = it don't talk agenius,  
I spit my thesis talkin' ceases,  
Rappers act sick and I got the treatment,  
Expose actors, similar to a derringer,  
Your wack tracks ain't got skills,  
Add to that the fact thst your not real,  
Talk bout gats, say make caps peel,  
But they fake raps - you get slapped in ya grill,  
Stop lyin' to buyers, I'm tight as pliers with the science, hahuh,  
The ruffest rhyming, tough as diamonds, fuckin'  
Blindin,  
You must be high as kites',  
Figure you can fuck with the nicest,  
I'm off the scale, like hampstead house prices,  
So hot, the sun seem cold,  
So hot, the flow boil liquid nitro,  
What hearin'- the best thing since bread slice,  
Nigga with charisma, that woulk turn a dike,  
That's why I've had more blows than opponents

[Chorus:]

If he talkin' like he's hard,  
Don't believe him, pull his cards  
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah...  
And if your boss is talking shit,  
And you really wanna quit,  
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah...  
Anybody, anywhere,  
Chatton rubbish in ya ear,  
Tell him... yeah, yeah, yeah... yeah, yeah,  
Yeah, yeah... '

They say I think I'm the best, I'm far too  
Arrogant,  
I ain't the best = I'm beyond comparison,  
Think ya good, but yaa not,  
Couldn't get close to me inside aphone box,  
Why spit? your whips and your porky-pie'ing,  
Plus your whips and your clips is fiction,  
That much of a killer?  
Why you lyin'? ithink your porky-pie'ing,  
If ya had dough, you should own shit,  
Not buy it - I think your porky-pie'ing,  
Tryna' be g when your soft as peewee,  
That greezy talk see through to stevie,  
I mean it believe me, to me it's easy,

You find it hard, i can hear from your cd,  
I'm the best, can't put it more simple,  
Plus pretty thug, women love the dimples,  
I been had gyal, like saddan or bin laden,  
I'm kinda like a pimp, but no mink dragging,  
A killer's nightmare- like ya ting jamming,  
A skinny little nigga with the heart of a dragon,  
Unstoppavle, mission impossible,  
Logical, I'm the one- ask the oracle,  
Legend like christ and the 12 apostiles,  
Got more lines than whitney's nostrils,

[Chorus]

If you a baller cool, rap about,  
But there's no puffs in england  
So shut ya mouth.  
It amazes me, these rappers are so dumb,  
Get they advance and think they trump,  
See I spit like guns, tongues speed of a chopper,  
I don't really care, you're a shotter,  
You't dem a blow ya brain out,  
Cause ya got ya chain out,  
So what real good is a name now?  
Watch no face, trust me father,  
Young. never bumb. that's not akala.  
The don daddda, dun flow badda,  
Walk tall as a ladder, and italk with sawagger,  
Everything I do, pietry in motion,  
Deep, like apuddle to me is the ocean,  
Cause convulsions, like voodoo potions,  
Ramp with the sultan, I find that insulting,  
That's a nova, racing a ferrari,  
Your little click, takin' on the army,  
Be a legend when I die, like iwas bob marley,  
Marcus garvey or muhammed ali,  
Cause I drap knowledge, like oxford scholars,  
So what real good is a name now?  
Watch no face, trust me father,  
Young, never dumb, that's not akala,  
The don daddda, dun flow badda,  
Walk tall as a ladder, and I talk with swagger,  
Everything ido, poetry in motion,  
Deep, like a puddke to me us the icean,  
Cause cinvulsions, like voodoo potions,  
Ramp with the sultan, ifind thaat insulting,  
That's anova, racing a ferrari,  
Your little click, takin' on the army,  
Be a legend when idie, like I was bob marley,  
Marcus garvey or muhammed ali,  
Not bad, considering I didn't finish college,  
I'm here now, your noise is void,



All you so called ' hot boys ' paranoid,  
No paragraphs parallel, this is paradise,  
I'm a paragon, leave you parasites paralysed,  
My parables parachute here to paraguay,  
It's paramount you don't fuch with I,  
The flow kicker, go - getter,  
Show ripper, pro- spitter, narural- born winner,  
Sicher than liquor in livers,  
Illa then jack - the- ripper killers,  
Give riddim's bigas a gorilla nigga,  
These bitter nigga's bicker,  
But I'm bigger than that.  
I'm tryna' fold figures, big as ' jigga' n' that...  
I'm focused maaan...

[Chorus]

# Akala - The Edge (Mikey J Remix) Lyrics

---

Do you never feel like there's something missing?  
Stuck in a role, just playin' your position,  
Even when you scream, it seems no one listens,  
Free as a bird, but it feels like prison,  
Never break tradition, sittin' like it's  
Superstition,  
And your marriage is about as boring as a politician  
Now listen, what you need to do is change the way you livin',  
It's your, don't explain your every decision,  
Whatever your vision, believe and make it happen,  
Look at me, I'm an English rapper,  
It's only one life here.  
Gotta do you bruv,  
I feel marvelous, how about you luv?  
Yeah, I feel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, I feel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, I feel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, I feel good... tell the people...  
Everybody jump over the edge,  
Everybody let go and just feel the music,  
Jump over edge,  
Everybody jump over the edge,  
Everybody jump over the edge,  
Everybody jump!  
Don't know where the edge is,  
I'll explain to you it's fine,  
It's that line or that time,  
Like your boss has been rude to you,  
One too many times,  
Out at night, might just have one too many pints,  
Like when you got ambition and they tell you,  
You can't do it,  
Your body feel the music,  
But you're scared to move to it,  
The edge is where you lose it,  
Jump with me,  
Don't quit your job,  
Take the low road,  
Spit in his tea,  
Drink till your pathetic,  
Till ya act like an idiot.  
In the morning you'll regret it,  
Right now it's brilliant,  
As far as your dreams go,  
You just gotta get em,  
And as long as the beat plays,  
Just move to the riddim,

Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... ttell the people...  
    Jump over the edge baby, just  
        Jump over the edge...  
        Come over the edge.  
        To infinite possibilities,  
Sorta like a parallel universe your visiting,  
But it's here on earth from the prison to the  
    Villages,  
Open up your mind and you feel limitless,  
    Don't let them tell you what is real,  
        They don't realistically,  
        They said einstein was dumb,  
        How come he thought of relativity?  
Thet just despicable, miserable individuals,  
    And every single syllable, they uttering,  
        Is cynical, it's typical,  
        Don't sit down waitin on a miracle,  
Jump like jordan, like your tryna' reach the  
    Pinnacle,  
        It's only one life here,  
        Gotta doyou bruv.  
I feel marvelous, how about you luv?  
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... do you feel good?  
Yeah, ifeel good... ttell the people...

# Akala - Shakespeare Lyrics

---

Nigga Listen,  
When I spit on the rhythm I kill 'em,  
Raw like the ball of Brazillians,  
You don't want war, cor, the kid's brilliant,  
Blud, I'm the heir to the throne, not William,  
Akala, smart as King Arthur  
Darker, harder, faster  
Rasclaat, I kick that illa shit  
It's like Shakespeare, with a nigga twist.  
Lyricist, I'm the best on the road  
Nitro flow, oh so cold I'mma blow yo  
Keep the hoes, I only want dough homes  
Nobody close, I'm alone in my own zone  
No no no love for the po-po  
Loco when I rock mic solo  
I hope that you know, where you don't go though  
Want it with Bolo? Must be Coco.  
It's William, back from the dead  
But I rap about gats and I'm black instead  
It's Shakespeare, reincarnated  
Except I spit flows and strip hoes naked  
No fakin', test my blood bruv  
It's William, just back as a tug cuz  
So real the shit I kick now  
Plus I don't write, I recite my shit now  
Straight from the top, expert timing  
On top of that now the whole thing's rhyming  
No more tights, now jeans sagging  
If I say so myself, I'm much more handsome.  
Don't ever compare me to rappers  
I'm so quick-witted that I split 'em like fractions  
My shit, I tell 'em like this  
It's like Shakespeare with a nigga twist

I get you pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies  
Pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy

There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies

I'm similar to William, but a little different  
I do it for kids that's illiterate, not Elizabeth  
Stuck on the road, faces screwed up  
Feel like the world spat 'em out and they chewed up  
It's a matrix, I try and explain it  
But on a real thoe still ready blaze em  
No contradiction just face it  
They so enslaved, they are worse than a agent  
I grace stages, sharp as razors  
Don't get cut cuz, keep ya distance  
No artillery, tryna' be militant  
Ya'll dudes killin' me, think that ya killin' it  
Its embarrassing watchin you babblin  
Keep spittin ya darts, mine is javelins  
The hood Tiger Woods too milly  
Number 1 for so long, its just getting' silly  
Shit kinda like Bruce wit da knuckles  
Like the first time ya ever saw Ali shuffle  
You don't trouble, left layin in a puddle  
Bruv you are havin' a bubble  
I'ma whole different kettle of fish  
Thou shall not fuck with dis  
My shit, I tell em like this  
Its like Shakespeare with a nigger twist

I get you pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies  
Pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies

To be fair, no MC close to the man  
Little just come yout's jumpin out of they pram  
Everybody badman, behind a mic stand  
Its not creative, one bag of hype, and  
If you buss a ting, where's the mash?  
Move so much food? Where's the cats?

These dudes ain't real, they just rap  
I don't spit what I don't know  
Just the facts  
No talks of rocks I ain't sold  
Shots I ain't blown  
So cold and I know my own  
My business ridiculous  
Sick with it, quick witted  
Companies head to head an I liquidate it  
Welcome to illa state, meet ya fate mate  
Talk truth but we don't play games  
Move sick, look sample techno  
Never pull a ting, if it ain't gonna let go  
That's that, rap track  
Clap ya like a black gat  
Back chat, crack back  
I'm the nigga, that's that  
The rest of these kids is irrelevant  
Don't compare me to him  
That's just beggin' it  
I'm on my own shit  
Dicks ain't spit  
Its no democracy, dictatorship  
So dicks hate my shit  
I'm sick, raise ya spliff  
Im swift, blaze em quick  
My hits, major shit  
I flip phrases quick  
My sick razor shit  
Give thick grazes quick  
And chicks say he's cris  
It's not a rumour  
That kid Akala  
It's not "Ack-a-la", beg ya pardon  
Don't get it twisted  
Your on the sideline like a mistress  
I'm the whizzkid, with the sick shit  
My shit, I tell em like this  
It's like Shakespeare, with a nigga twist  
I get you pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies  
Pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy

There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies  
I get you pumped up  
Feelin' like you drunk drunk  
When my beats bump bump  
Lyrics hit like skunk blunts, blud, now  
All the shit I kick so crazy  
There ain't no ifs or maybes  
Spit poetry so shady  
For lords on road and my hood ladies

# Akala - Carried Away Lyrics

---

Another hearse roll up slow,  
Carry one more poor lost soul,  
Carry them things every single day  
Cause it makes him feel safe  
Cause he carry on them ways, screw face  
Love the game-reppin' his estate,  
Talk tough look straight in his face,  
Carrying deep pain self-hate,  
Carry fam, so he carry weight,  
It's logical daddy got carried away,  
Not married away, just didn't stay  
Coward carried his son to this fate,  
His boys carrying weight in a wooden box can't stand straight,  
They was getting outta the game,  
But look fate she don't wait  
Now the woman in the front row, her face t show no pain,  
But her brain went insane on the day the news came,  
Stare into space, face numb,  
The boy getting carried, she carried 9 months

[Chorus:]

When this world strip me naked, I turn and  
I face it,  
And really believe I have the strength to change it,  
I'm crazy, it's blatant sometimes I get carried away  
When this world strip me naked, I turn and I face it,  
And really believe I have the strength to change it,  
I'm crazy, it's blatant sometimes I get carried away

One more body bag getting carried back,  
From the war zone where they carry straps,  
Where little kids is attacking tanks cause they carry no fear of the man,  
All they know here is they land  
And a hero, gotta make a stand,  
So they roll cold with it in their hand,  
Let bang on the big bad man,  
But this particular soldier never move colder  
Never enrolled to blow no homes up  
Felt that life had carried him under  
Chose to phone the number  
The army gives you training,  
Nothing they say could really explain it,  
Sign them t papers, enslavement,  
Now you're a tool to carry their hatred,  
Rob, steal, strip a nation  
All he wanted was qualifications  
So he could carry his family places,



Better than those that he was raised in  
Never really thought, he'd ever have to go to war,  
Now who's gonna tell his kids daddy can't carry them no more

[Chorus]

# Akala - This is London Lyrics

---

The place where ya find the coldest  
ballers you ever seen,  
but they locked up or dead, not in the  
premier league,  
best kid that I knew turned feind by 16,  
it seems things never the way you see in ya  
dreams,  
years past, tears start, kids turn to teens,  
that sweet child you knew, grill dun turn mean,  
daddy left him and reality set in, there's  
no cream,  
and it's embarrassing goin school with  
holes in ya jeans,  
so you know the cycle, it's little bags of green,  
get expelled and sell the world hell by 16,  
fuck a couple pristine chicks that suck dick mean,  
couple bottles of cris sipped and wrist slit mean,  
and it's logical, lucky niggas do time that's horrible,  
catch the flipside and ya speak with the oracle,  
it's fucked up yeah, but that's just how it is,  
and aint nuttin' on these roads gonna change but the clip,

## Chorus

This is London,  
black tugs bust big slugs,  
This is London,  
give ya fuckin' punks tough love,  
This is London,  
single mums dat pump drugs,  
This is London, Bruva this is London

(London calling...)

The place where it don't matter if you  
never sold a shot,  
Never run up on a nigga like "gimme what you got",  
Get ya brain sprayed on the pave, in front of the rave,  
No reason, other than niggas is  
frustrated,  
So many catchin cases, over screw faces,  
And dumb shit, like we come from different places,  
London, get ya shit smoked like a chalice,  
Same city, different planet, from  
Buckingham Palace,  
Where young tugs is clutchin' big straps  
that's Russian,  
And dyin' to buss it, what the fuck good is

discussions?

Where hood rats is suckin, any dick that  
push a nice sumthin',  
And them said gyal'a get you set like ya  
life's nuthin',  
Coz life's nuthin', that's just how it is,  
And there ain't nuthin on these roads  
gonna change but the clip,

Chorus

The place where you don't fuck with the  
Turks or the Asians,  
Triads, pikey's, even Caucasians,  
Where them cockney boys will chiv your  
face, you mug,  
No love, every colour mentality thug,  
But we take it to a whole 'nother level,  
Little girls gettin' shot in the back is not  
clever,  
Never far from the hood, even in the  
sticks,  
Couple wrong turns, get dash out ya whip,  
By some little skinny kid, think he big with  
the chrome,  
They said he'd be the next Ian Wright but  
the skunk said no,  
In this place, if you work you're an idiot,  
Most of the smartest muthafuckers  
illiterate,  
Coz tax is a bitch, take half of ya pension,  
Just to fight war, now they want  
congestion,  
And they wonder why we all goin insane,  
This is London, tell me is your city the  
same?

Chorus

# Akala - Bullshit Lyrics

---

It's all bullshit  
We invaded Iraq cause we were checkin  
That's bullshit  
If they had weapons we would have kept stepping  
Bullshit  
Saddam would have bus it with no question  
No bullshit  
Pretty much every rap record  
Now that's bullshit  
Black boys killin eachother  
Now that's bullshit  
Especially cause it's over nothing  
Now that's bullshit  
I rep my ends and I'm thuggin  
Now that's bullshit  
Look at what we do to our mothers  
Now that's bullshit  
Bullshit Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Bullshit  
Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
BULLSHIT  
They rob the third world of every cent  
Now that's bullshit  
Now you got third world debt  
Now that's bullshit  
You get your cheque there's never nothing left  
Now that's bullshit  
Then you pay tax on what you spend  
Now that's bullshit  
Then you even gotta pay tax on your pension  
Now that's bullshit  
They still wanna take your inheritance  
Now that's bullshit

English kids rappin American  
Now that's bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Extending the congestion charge Now that's bullshit  
Never fuckin nowhere to park  
Now that's bullshit  
Most of what you learn in class  
Now that's bullshit  
Especially regarding the past  
Now that's bullshit  
Men beating up on their spouse  
Now that's bullshit  
Rockin jewels but you ain't got a house  
Now that's bullshit  
Every single syllable that come out your mouth  
Now that's bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Bullshit  
Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Bullshit  
Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Pull me over 5 times in a day  
Now that's bullshit  
And I got attitude if I have something to say  
Now that's bullshit  
The wage MPs get paid  
Now that's bullshit  
They won't give firefighters a raise  
Now that's bullshit  
Football fans monkey sounds  
Now that's bullshit  
Black players that didn't speak out  
Now that's bullshit  
White players that didn't speak out  
Now that's bullshit  
The war's bullshit

It's all bullshit  
Places where kids can't eat  
Now that's bullshit  
But AK47s are free  
Now that's bullshit  
Here you go fight for me  
Now that's bullshit  
And I'll take the minerals please  
Now that's bullshit  
Traffic wardens getting commission  
Now that's bullshit  
The motherfuckin weather in Britain  
Now that's bullshit  
All them weak raps that your spittin  
Now that's bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Bullshit  
Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
Bullshit  
Politicians talk never do shit  
It's bullshit  
All of what they feed us in the news  
It is bullshit  
Plus what they teach us in the schools  
It is bullshit  
The war's bullshit  
It's all bullshit  
AIDS comes from Africans fuckin a monkey  
Now that's bullshit  
Farrakhan banned from the country  
Now that's bullshit  
Rapists come here and it's lovely  
Now that's bullshit  
What the fuck is wrong with our government?  
Now that's bullshit  
Paedophiles get light sentence  
Now that's bullshit  
Ask yourself why they defend them  
Now that's bullshit  
Broke niggaz flossin with benzes  
Now that's bullshit

# Akala - Roll Wid Us Lyrics

---

It's my time like it or not gotta ride  
Can't fight,  
This thing'll take you with it like a landslide  
My mind spitting rhymes refined as old wines  
No games since age 5 I hold mine  
Never fell for the spells  
They tell in this world  
I read Malcolm, you was learning to spell  
I took exams early with the geeks in the school  
Opened a business,  
You were still chasing your balls  
I spent my teens sticking but I'm one of Britain's best mathematicians  
Official, I got the certificate  
So however you want it kid  
We could do scholarship politics  
Or the opposite,  
War with hollow tips No supathug, just I don't fear, why would I?  
You bleed like me and breathe the same air  
I got a purpose on this earth  
And I ain't ready to go  
So if I gotta send you first then let it be so

[Hook:]

Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]  
It's time now the wait is over  
Roll wid us or get rolled over [x3]  
It's time now the wait is over

It's bigger than the music  
It's more like a movement  
A unit a trueness spreading like rumours  
They foolish, say I can't do it they doubt  
Cause we acorns now  
Just watch out for the tree that sprouts  
When it does, remember I told you  
I'm going from local to global  
Poor and hopeful  
From glueing back shoes  
Cause they showing my toes through  
To owning shoe companies  
And yards on the coastal  
If you real grab on, I'm taking the fam with me  
But hold on tight cause we movin real swiftly  
Fakes can't stop my flight  
Not your life that's like  
Trying to fight atomic war with a knife  
Fight like mike with control not physically

If ignorance is bliss that explain my misery  
I'm clear in my vision b, solve your mystery  
Compete with me you get whitewashed like black history

[Hook]

[Bridge:]

It's not all gravy, man dem is shady  
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me  
It's not all gravy, man dem is shady  
Tings is crazy but that don't phase me  
Get yours, there's only one life to live  
You gotta feed your kids, you gotta eat real big  
Young soldier you can do whatever you want to  
And no one out there can stop you  
Not sure just watch me for practice  
In these board meetings  
Taking cheese off crackers  
You actors are not factors, I see the bluff  
Cause you sell crack  
It does not mean that you're tough  
It's the matrix and it's blatant you paper thugs are not ready yet  
For getting unplugged  
Grown man still talking like:  
'You know who I am, where I'm from'  
Bredren what the fuck are you on?  
Telling the world who you shot  
And what are you earning,  
When you get popped that will not stop it from burning  
So it's worthless, you gots to be a soldier  
Watch me grind  
You'll understand it as you get older  
Nothing pretty but when I do things the job's over  
Never stick at that critical moment, I'm potent  
I'm focused, you jokers can't see me  
I feel like a marksman at point blank  
It is too easy



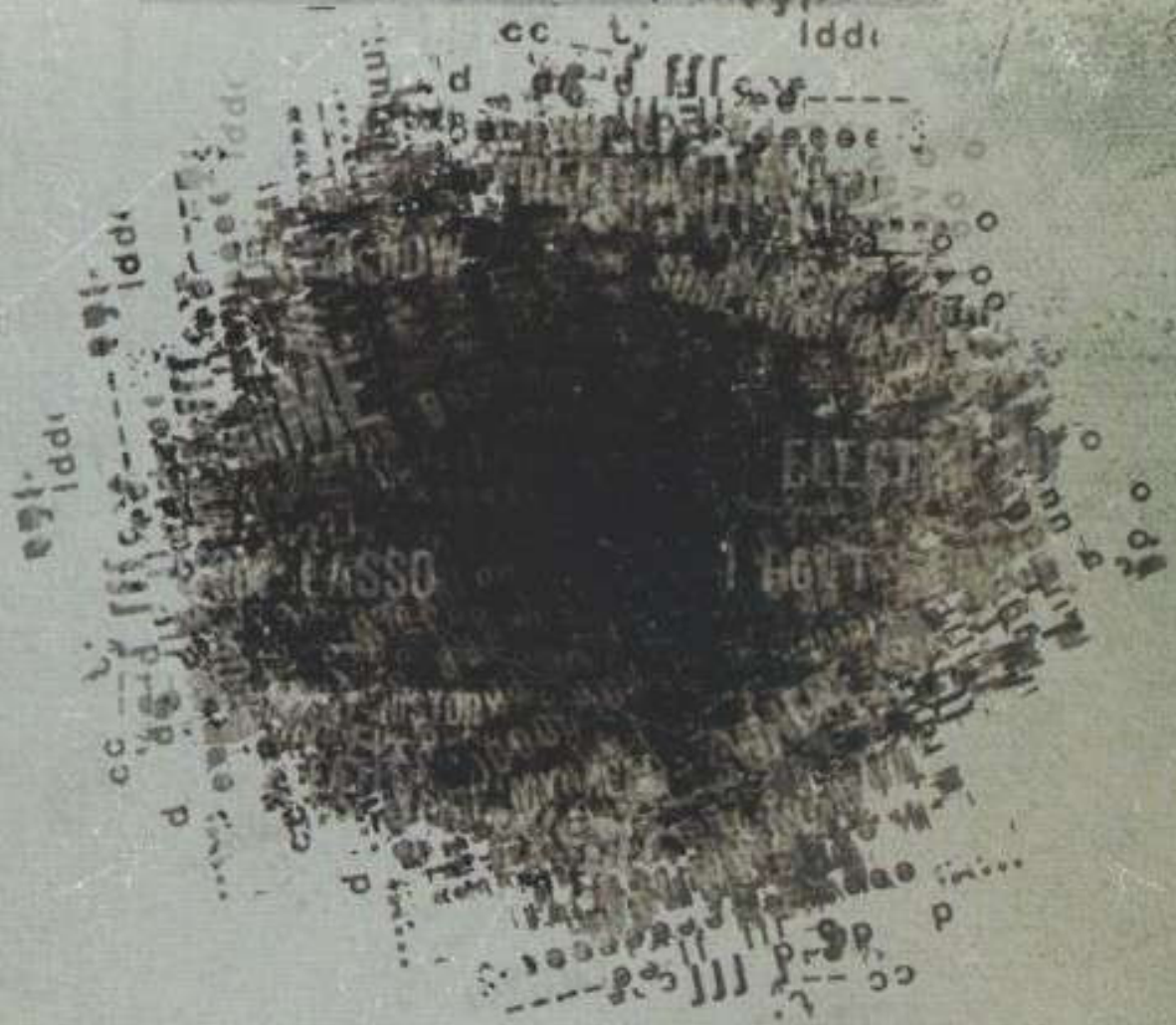
# Akala - Cold Lyrics

---

Can I take you back for a minute  
I live it I'm spillin my spirit  
On the beat like streets cold as blizzards  
Late night drownin' my sorrow in a bottle of spirits  
Was a sweet child, that characters missing No trace  
Now it's bora in coat and screw face  
Colder, soldier, angry young male  
Don't ask how, you already know the tale  
Never lived with my father  
Nasty break up with my mum and her partner  
And of course, times was harder  
Moms did her best with the strength she could muster  
But she so stressed it was us that would suffer  
Plus school teachers hate me, say that I'm feisty  
Play all kinda mind games to try break me  
Helped turn a innocent kid, into a ignorant pig  
Fuck em anyway, I still got straight A's  
Winter was real, no gas  
I went to bed in full clothing  
Back when my world was closing in and mom was sick  
I can't explain the pain when the news came  
Sorta like the blizzard that came after the rain  
My mind was a prison, I visioned the worst  
Ran home from school, wanted to get there first  
Didn't want either of my sisters, to find what I pictured  
Moms was too strong, she just soldiered on  
Don't think I don't understand  
But I still had to learn how to be a man  
Standing on my own two, not the way you supposed to  
Funny how the cycle repeats  
Nobody showed you, Wouldn't believe I told you what I had to go through  
Pressure couldn't fold me, but turnt my heart cold G  
What don't kill you make you strong supposedly  
That must be why nobody can hold me  
Yeah I had a struggle, but really it's sugar-coated  
When you think of all the millions barely living and hopeless  
In the news Mother and child, bellies bloated  
Put yourself in their shoes, knowin' death is approaching  
But it's not fate, it's bait, they were thrown in  
The deep end of the endless ocean of mans sin  
Politics, religion, man philosophize  
Got technology and television  
Still don't know why the worlds a weight on top of your shoulders  
But we fold up, true we can't hold up them boulders  
I been through the shit, but came out like roses  
I'm blessed, don't ever think I don't notice  
I know I got a path, but it's hard to stay focused

Specially on these roads, where foes are like roaches  
Foul and I crush em and I won't even notice  
If I lose my way, I just want you to know this

(Akala)



FREEDOM LASSO

# Akala - Electro Livin' Lyrics

---

chorus

young money love money blood money right  
your money war money more money right  
they dont even really undastand wot its like electro livin in the land of the lite  
electro livin  
electro livin in the land of the lite  
electro livin  
electro livin in the land of the lite

were electro livin in the land of the lite  
everythin is switched on still sumthin dont work rite  
do wot eva u gotta do to make it through the night but wot eva u do dont beleive the hype  
lets have a little natter about a couple of matters  
poure me a cuple of cha a little butter an crackers  
the kids are unruly news dus not fool me  
and if tv dont play me no more then youtube me  
hit em with electro retro meets techno  
rap rock kid push back the threshold  
so take your best shot with ya best shooter were right here now entertain us computer

chorus

young money love money blood money right  
your money war money more money right  
they dont even really undastand wot its like electro livin in the land of the lite  
electro livin  
electro livin in the land of the lite  
electro livin  
electro livin in the land of the lite

they cant change wot it is just by puttin a name on  
or make sumthing art just by shuvin a frame on  
or become less guilty by passing the blame on  
or ramp with akala wheres ya brain gone  
im the rapper thats dapper  
no matter the chatter  
the illest whipper snapper  
to come from the land of sausege and batter  
where fat are getting fatter  
and the man dem mad as a hatter  
the goffer or the gaffer  
well bruv im the latter

chorus

young money love money blood money right

your money war money more money right  
they dont even really undastand wot its like electro livin in the land of the lite  
electro livin  
electro livin in the land of the lite  
electro livin  
electro livin in the land of the lite

things are wot they seem  
destpite wot they tell u  
beware of the truth or ill send u to bellevue  
if u take a closer luk and uncover the veil  
you will see there just salesmen with nothing to sell you  
but these wags with there fags  
and christian bior bags  
shag and they brag and pose for lads mags  
it is sad  
we are sad for things we cannot have  
but we are not sad for bagdad

chorus

young money love money blood money right  
your money war money more money right  
they dont even really undastand wot its like electro livin in the land of the lite  
electro livin  
electro livin in the land of the lite  
electro livin  
electro livin in the land of the lite

# Akala - Freedom Lasso Lyrics

---

A rope tightens  
Breath constricted  
No hand pulls this is self-inflicted sickness  
Sickness  
Self diagnosed without witness  
Wish list grip fist  
The beggary of riches  
A belly full fights never willingly  
An empty stomach does not have the energy to finish it  
Layers in between  
Padded by a dream  
Stretching for the means  
Without thought of exhausting the seams  
No space for indignity  
On the face of simplicity  
A taste of sufficiency's  
A bellyfull of lethargy  
A dash of apathy a pinch of extacy's a recipe  
Serving up a feast for the beast of our treachery  
Not sure if your getting celebrity's out effigy  
I hear just fine  
But I'm deaf to those next to me  
Conflict it perplexes me  
Cause out biggest battle  
Is now we're so free that we choose to be shackled

I'm stuck freedom lasso

This invisible strain of the human stain  
Colours every brain, vein  
Thus chained to another's pain  
We may not be the artist by we surely are the fram  
We may just be the smoke  
But we cannot blame the flame  
Strange is the fruit  
That nourishes not the vein  
Yet we are odder still  
For we seek it like the rain  
Nothing bounds out path  
Yet we march perfect in lane  
Whoever saw a tiger that desired to be tamed?  
Reality defies  
Nature does not know surprise  
Yet the lesion of our season blinds even the eagle's eyes  
Spies dread not headlock tight as threadknot  
Get lost why throw a bone to a dead dog?  
This is not charity

That is just sarcasm  
That's why we bite so hard and never bark at em  
Spark at em's insane  
It's play gather and prey  
When even the mighty tiger  
He desires to be tamed

I'm stuck freedom lasso

They act as if it's positive  
Though it's so obviously derogative  
And even if you're bobby  
This is never your prerogative  
It's obvious we're warriors  
And crooked just like bobby is  
But colleges and mockeries  
Will never make a socrates  
Apologies and robberies  
They follow with atrocity  
Sorrow and hypocrisy  
Don't make very good crockery  
Watchin' this it's horror bliss  
And one day I will promise this  
The day the tiger wakes  
That is the day of your apocalypse

# Akala - Love In My Eyes Lyrics

---

// Chorus needs adding

Remember when I met you?  
Heart went racing,  
But I wont chase I was in a strange place then,  
Faking, what on my face was blatant,  
You could be mine but I'm scared of the taking,  
Pacing, I was not used to the waiting; contemplating,  
And I'm not talking about consummating,  
Just conversation, let alone debating.  
All the time in the world is all we've got and there's no need for waiting,  
All the thoughts in my mind of what we could find got me anticipating,  
Right now we're just friends and I like how we're shaping,  
Plus I need time for the doubts that I'm facing,  
Not about you, it's me who needs changing,  
Look on my face you'll see that I'm gazing

But life is no oasis,  
And soon things got complicated,  
So I jumped ship, real quick,  
'Cos I hit ship, sink and I really cannot take it,  
'Cos I've never been here before,  
In fact no where near before,  
I don't quite know,  
But I feel it from my afro to my big toe,  
It's not working and I need my space,  
Plus I gotta deal with this bullshit case,  
So we parted ways and it felt real strange,  
Didn't get much done with my days,  
How will we ever see eye to eye?  
I don't agree with myself even half the time,  
Then it dawned on me, it's never plain sailing,  
You can't succeed if you're afraid of failing

All the time in the world is all we have,  
And there's no need for racing,  
All the thoughts on my mind of what we could find got me anticipating,  
Right now we're best friends and I like how we're shaping,  
Plus I got over the doubts I was facing,  
Couldn't change time but time had me changing,  
Now on my face you'll see when I'm gazing



# Akala - Comedy Tragedy History Lyrics

---

Day boy Akala's a diamond fella  
All you little boys are a comedy of errors  
You bellow but you fellows get played like  
The cello, I'm doing my ting  
You're jealous like Othello.  
Who you? what you gonna do?  
All you little boys get Tamed like the Shrew  
You're mid-summer dreamin'  
Your tunes aren't appealing  
I'm Capulet, you're Montague, I ain't feeling  
I am the Julius Caesar hear me  
The Merchant Of Venice couldn't sell your CD  
As for me, All's Well That Ends Well  
Your boy's like Macbeth, you're going to Hell  
Measure for Measure, I am the best here  
You're Merry Wives of Windsor not King Lear  
I don't know about Timon  
I know he was in Athens  
When I come back like Hamlet you pay for your action

Dat boy Akala, I do it As You Like  
You're Much Ado About Nothing  
All you do is bite it  
I'm too tight, I don't need 12 knights  
All you little Tempests get murked on the mic  
Of course I'm the one with the force  
You're history like Henry IV  
I'm fire, things look dire  
Better run like Pericles Prince Of Tyre  
Off the scale, cold as a Winter's Tale  
Titus Andronicus was bound to fail  
So will you if Akala get at ya  
That's suicide like Anthony & Cleopatra  
Cymbeline was a modern day Bridget Jones  
Love's labours lost, a woman on her own  
She needed Two Gentlemen Of Verona  
This is Illa State and I am the owner

Wise is the man that knows he's a fool  
Tempt not a desperate man with a jewel  
Why take from Peter to go pay Paul  
Some rise by sin and by virtue fall  
What have you made if you gain the whole world  
But sell your own soul for the price of a pearl  
The world is my oyster and I am starving  
I want much more than a penny or a farthing  
I told no joke, I hope you're not laughing

Poet or pauper which do you class him  
Speak eloquent, though I am resident to the gritty inner city  
That's surely irrelevant  
Call it urban, call it street  
A rose by any other name, smell just as sweet  
Spit so hard, but I'm smart as the Bard  
Come through with a Union Jack, full of yard

Akala, Akala, where for art thou?  
I am the black Shakespearian  
The secret's out now  
Chance never did crown me, this is destiny  
You still talk but it still perplexes me  
Devour cowards, thousands per hour  
Don't you know the king's name is a tower  
You should never speak it  
It is not a secret  
I teach thesis, like ancient Greece's  
Or Egyptology, never no apology  
In my mind's eye, I see things properly  
Stopping me, nah you could never possibly  
I bare a charmed life, most probably  
For certain I put daggers in a phrase  
I'll put an end to your dancing days  
No matter what you say it will never work  
Wrens can't prey  
Where eagles don't perch  
I'm the worst with the words  
Cos I curse all my verbs  
I'm the first with a verse to rehearse with a nurse  
There's a hearse for the first jerk who turns berserk  
Off with his head, cos it must not work  
Ramp with Akala, that's true madness  
And there's no method in it, just sadness  
I speak with daggers and the hammers  
Of a passion when I'm rappin I attack 'em  
In a military fashion the pattern of my rappin  
chattin couldn't ever map it  
And I run more rings round things than Saturn  
Verses split big kids wigs when I'm rappin  
That boy Akala, the black Shakespeare  
Did not want to listen, when I said last year  
Rich like a gem in Ethiopia's ear  
Tell them again  
For them who never hear

# Akala - Where I'm From Lyrics

---

Yo, OK, OK, Yeah nice, OK  
Where I'm from its not presidents, I'm trying to see the queen  
Different toilet same shit, they're fiending for the big cream  
Scheming their dough to the ceiling, till the no longer breathing  
And they do shit to make us look heathen  
The reason?  
Born to a broken home, tears of my mother  
Only those that no cos they've been there through all the hunger  
Others judge us and snub us  
They shouldn't  
Growing up in my house, don't think you could of  
Mummy hustling  
, no one ever did us no favours  
Except the neighbours  
We used to borrow sugar and some toilet paper  
Embarrassing when its my turn to knock  
But its cool, what don't kill you only make you stronger  
Know they say I'm conscious my words are positive  
Its not that, to me its just the truth is obvious  
And rather than talking bollocks about who I'd be clapping  
I'd rather tell the truth about what actually happened  
Every bodies killing five hundred man in the booth  
The roads are bad but  
If as much man was dying in the streets as was dying in the booth  
They'd be nobody left  
Stop with dishonesty man  
All my home-boys locked up, everybody who's lost a family member  
Ain't nothing sweet in the streets  
Here in England now we got bloods and crips  
I'm ashamed and embarrassed to have to admit  
Our grandparents got chased cos they were black  
Now we kill each other for colours in the union jack  
Shit  
This is not the sates, no American dream  
Just a British nightmare with a similar theme  
Same scheme, same fiend, same end to the dream  
Same church, same hurt, same mother that screams  
With the only difference being there's no opposites here  
No Jigga no Simmons, no positives here  
It is obvious we are not prospering here  
What's horrible? I don't no if it's possible here  
Our grandparents came here invited by our majesty  
Tragically just to be treated like savages  
No Blacks, No Irish and of course no dogs  
And if it ain't cleaning toilets then of course no jobs  
With all the Teddy boys attacking us and calling us wogs  
Boys in blue at it too, apparently that's not on?

And here we are fifty years later, nothings improved  
Its like we've gone back a step, like we chasing our roots  
Here we are fifty years later nothings improved  
We've gone back a step  
But we ain't' chasing our roots  
Don't know where you come from  
You don't no where your going  
Teach the yout dem man  
Value of self, Understand?  
When your watching your TV  
Learning your history book  
Listen, listen, Because...  
Its just a bunch of lies that we perpetuate ourself  
Being from the hood is not a definition of self  
Circumstances don't define you, you define you  
My baby diamond shines so bright it'll blind you  
That's why I'm everywhere, fronting where rappers would never dare  
No bodyguards, trust me my people I'm never scared  
Not cos I think I'm hard, just that iv seen your vision  
A million thugs in prison would die for my position  
They get there so frequent for various reasons  
When we're told we ain't shit we really believe it  
Whether by another brother, a father, a mother  
The television, or the teachers, police or the judges  
Its covering the fear that they already no  
You can only break a diamond with a piece of the same stone  
Where strong beyond measure, ask your professor  
How do you make a diamond? A billion years of pressure  
And a diamond is found where? At first within the rough  
So no matter where were at there's a diamond inside of us  
Forget repping the ends, what the ends do for you?  
Your worth so much more, If only you Knew, You Know?  
All this ends rah, rah, rah, nonsense  
That's exactly what it is just nonsense  
All these rappers on TV talking shit about how much they bust their strap and Yah, Yah, Yah  
You do not listen to them, their talking nonsense  
They live in big nice houses  
They got security, and bodyguards, and people to take care of them  
Its an illusion, you understand?  
And all the bitches, and the chains and the neck lasses in the video  
Its just bollocks man, That's nobody's reality  
When did the hood become so sweet?  
That's no hood iv ever been in  
Understand? The hood I no is miserable  
The hood I no everybody's trying to get out of  
So why are all these rappers dying to get back in it? And dying to be rude-boys?  
When all the rude-boys are dying to be legitimate  
So, Its just nonsense man, just be honest

# Akala - Bit By Bit Lyrics

---

no more bluffin this is somethin  
i feel it in my belly button  
glutton for yur blushin  
and yur sweet little nothins  
yur discussion and yur fussin  
and yur face wen yur cussin  
even wen yur wrong  
and no-one can tell u nothin  
im adjustin to the fact  
i can put my trust in  
mad sex but it's more thn just lustin  
no rushin we're gushin  
and wen we push each others buttons  
love u so it's love time  
even wen were fuckin  
glutton for yur stuffin and i want another grubbin  
im a feen for yur lovin yur huggin and back rubbin  
but every so often i feel like im stuck in  
wen we don't give each other space  
and push each others buttons  
one cant speak straight without the other one buttin  
we talk alot of xxxx but it dont mean nothin  
wud say that im duckin but u know that im bluffin  
listen for a minute baby let me tell u somethin

chorus  
lets take it slowly  
bit by bit  
just get to know me  
bit by bit  
i know we're not perfect but  
bit by bit  
i know that we're worth it  
bit by bit by bit  
take it slowly  
bit by bit  
just get to know me  
bit by bit  
i know we're not perfect but  
bit by bit  
i know that we're worth it  
bit by bit by bit  
x2

verse 2  
everytime that we're sinnin  
i feel like im winnin

wen we're finished and we're grinnin  
we bring in another innings'  
we're just fulfilling  
the mission of really living  
i feel like im givin back tht was missin  
or more like im drillin to myself tht was hidden  
im a villain and im wicked  
but im also really timid  
im rigid and i pivot  
but im careful not to fidget  
stick with it  
im tryin to get close to yur spirit  
it's kinda like a riddle  
i figure u just a little  
we both turn pages til we meet in the middle  
ain't even hot but u sweat just a little  
i feel like i might of found a wife just a little  
kinda like i understand life just a little  
we can spend time together more than a little  
wanna see forever doin things just a little

chorus

u can be my lady  
bit by bit  
and we can make a babies  
bit by bit  
and drive each other crazy  
bit by bit by bit by bit by bit by bit by bit  
be my lady  
and we can make babies  
and drive each other crazy  
bit by bit by bit by bit by bit by bit by bit

# Akala - Something Inside My Head Lyrics

---

They wonder why the caged bird sings  
But even worse a pain  
Is the bird with lead wings  
It

# Akala - I Don't Know Lyrics

---

They say ignorance is bliss  
Never a truer word spoke  
Half the answers only bring more questions that we'll never know  
Even the wise man knows he don't know much  
Still not wise enough to accept it as such  
So we chase the questions seeking direction  
Every time we think we're right get a swift correction  
Muslim or Jew really don't matter which  
You can't buy tomorrow no matter how rich  
We all bleed and breathe and take shits  
And chase the same answers  
Though some think are better equipped  
But with all the test tubes and test and so-called best  
They still don't know  
A theory is just a posh word for a guess  
Because you're in a skyscraper don't make you different  
From those in huts along the Amazon  
And not more significant  
We're all the same all rise all fall  
But those on high horses have the furthest to fall  
The moon and the stars  
Fast women and cars  
Is this world truly ours?  
Or are we just entertainment  
Chasing it all we rise and we fall  
Said I don't know  
The moon and the stars  
Fast women and cars  
Is this world truly ours?  
Or are we just entertainment  
Chasing it all we rise and we fall  
Said I don't know  
They say ignorance is bliss never believe it  
Those who don't learn from history are condemned to repeat it  
Truth you gotta seek it, wherever its hidden  
Or else you'll find yourself dancing to someone else's rhythm  
Mental prison is the worst kind  
You can take my liberty but my mind is mine  
Whatever they controlling, never let your brain close in  
The mind is like a parachute, it only works when it's open  
Smoking gun but they say they never shoot  
No such thing as a fruit without root  
Truth not being told will never make it go away  
A lie told a thousand times can never take it's place  
They say it's fate, but take a proper view  
They're trying to hold so many destiny's in their hands  
They're bound to drop a few



So the more we keep moving, the better chance we got  
Everybody knows a rolling stone gathers no moss  
They say ignorance is bliss, well I ain't got a clue  
All you gotta do is whatever that works for you  
But when 6 billion individuals looking out for number 1  
And we got to share the same sun  
That's when the troubles come  
That brings us back to where we started  
Face to face with the cold-hearted facts  
That there are no answers  
My head all of this chit-chat  
I don't even smoke  
But I'ma go have a spliff and just kick back  
You know, don't ask me  
I'm not a prophet  
I'm not the answer  
I'm just a rapper  
A little boy from North London  
What you've heard for the last 40 minutes  
It's my opinion  
My thoughts, my feelings  
It's not right, it's not wrong  
It's just what it is  
It's just Akala

(Akala)



# THE WAR MIXTAPE VOL II

DELUXE EDITION ALSO INCLUDES VOLUME I

# Akala - Quiet Storm (Freestyle) Lyrics

---

DJ Clue. Dessert Storm. That boy Fabolous. Street Fam  
Niggas wanna' freestyle  
Y'all better get your bar work together  
I'm tellin' you right now  
Friday night freestyles  
CLUMINATIIII!!

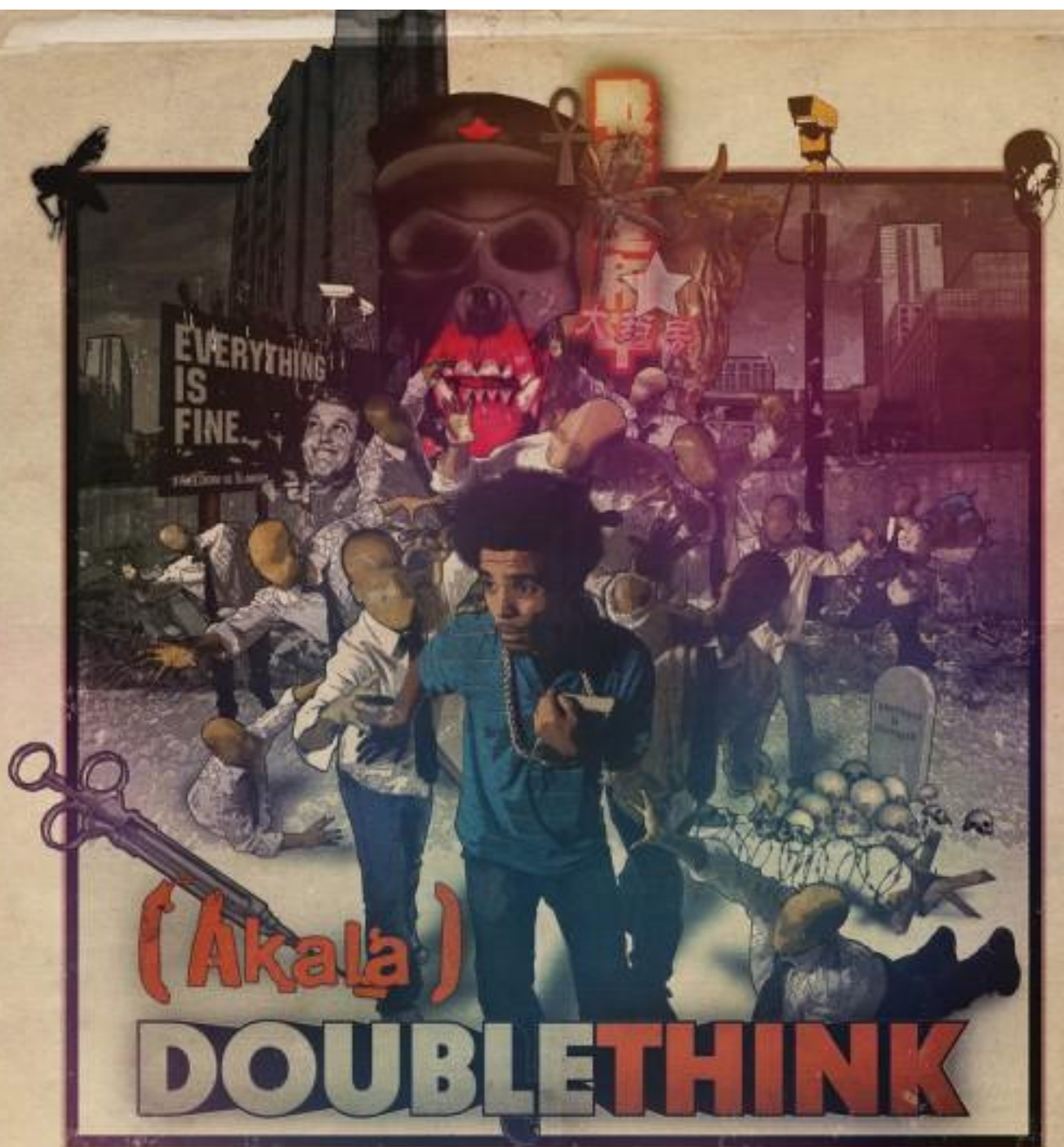
We done seen it all, been thru it all  
It's quiet

I put my lifetime in between the papers line  
Just a hustler out here trying to make a dime  
Feel like when crackheads was beggin' me to take the nine  
Man these bum ass rappers need to make a sign  
That say will rap for food, for real scrap you're screwed  
I put the paws on you and lil' scrap you dudes  
My goons in the audience still clap when cued  
Put the Hawk in your chest and Millsap you dudes  
I'm still snapping dude, still run my city and still lapping' dudes  
In the studio in a still trappin' mood  
On a beat from '99 that's still slappin' dude  
See real rap I'm rude, disrespectful with the flow  
I met wifey she disrespect and call you bro  
Shorty mouth crazy disrespectful on the low  
She like to spit on it disrespectful little ho  
On some real shit, you just need a real bitch  
Chillin' when in public, not some groupie'd out in the club bitch  
Type you don't hear from until you get up  
It was quiet for you till you started turning shit up  
And that ain't real bitch, you more like a bill bitch  
Fridge ain't got no grub bitch but it's eat the booty like it's Publix??  
Run into these type chicks NOTHING is up  
Shorty lost her sponsor that was cuffin' her up  
I'm like hot damn ho here we go again  
Your nigga cut you off broke scenario again  
No more Felipe you eating cereal again  
No more lipo you big as Terio again  
Oh yea, quiet for you niggas too  
Wanna' small talk cause they ain't as big as you  
Wanna' throw dirt cause the bitch is diggin' you  
Don't let the songs on the last album triggas' you  
(YUUP! \*trey songz tone\*) You ain't Trey, you poo nah nah  
Look what you done started ooh nah nah  
Got the twin nine milli's, my two nah nahs  
Used to call them Nadia, still bye bye to you  
We ain't lacking got the thing out or we concealing  
We're I'm from daddy's bang out in front of their children

My plan was to get the gang out and get them millions  
Now it's mansions but used to hang out up in them buildings  
Them boys in the lobby was rowdy yea  
You gotta' think Bobby and Rowdy yea  
Now we out in Abu Dhabi in Saudi air  
Then they let me Ricky Bobby the Audi yea  
(uh) on some Furious 7, rest in peace Paul Walker I hope you hear this in heaven  
I be preaching on these niggas you would swear it's a reverend  
Four game sweep flows in a series of seven  
Its the F to the A to the B O-L-O-U-S you just get some mo' rellos'  
I'm Frank Costello yea but more ghetto  
Yea i'm in a house with more rooms than a hotello  
I used to sit and watch Knicks moves, no Melo  
Now I get to make king moves on rose petals  
Shorty stand still didn't shake no jell-o  
Then she slow it down like when the lights go yellow  
On some real shit  
I just want some real shit  
Not none of this fuck shit  
Sound like Barkley with that Chuck shit  
Fuck all of that weird shit I'm tired of that  
If it ain't Young OG then it's quiet for that  
It's the real...

DJ Clue.Dessert Storm... That boy Fabolous  
Shoutout to Brooklyn what's up? Queens what's good?!





Featuring The Artist Akala. Writers: K. Daley & R. Safinia and Producers: Reza Safinia, IllAudio and Cloaks. All songs mixed and mastered by Anthony Lim at Premier Mastering.  
Photography by Paul Hampartsoumian. Artwork by Tim Fox. [timfox@illthames.com](mailto:timfox@illthames.com). Executive Producers: Anthony Dormant and Niomi Maclean Daley.

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# Akala - Welcome to Dystopia Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: DoubleThink

Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

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Conform x15  
It's bigger than your local colloquium  
In a world that is dystopian  
Kid's aren't born in fallopian  
They're grown in tubes and inserted growth in them  
But this ain't the type of pollution we place in the ocean  
It's apathy, stench we can't quench  
Don't matter who inhabits the bench  
Or wig or gown, hammer or crown, oval or down  
Jokes on us, we're not even frowning  
Smiling villany, the wickedest tyranny  
Is the one that says fuck you so nice  
You say thanks, and shake hands  
Say he's your man, forget all your plans  
Reach your hand out you see your in bondage  
The idea of beauty is bloneness and other such nonsense  
What our response is?  
Conform and amputate conscience  
Conform. Obey  
Transform. Sleep easy  
Ah, that good old human conditioning  
Ever since days of the pyramids  
Make us invalid, which means invalid  
Wrestle with things we can't manage  
Like peace and equality  
Which minority is the authority?  
Whoever has property, it's all idolatry  
Even if you have no image of God, do you follow me?  
Do we not all worship money?  
When you think about it it's quite funny  
Can't eat money, can't breathe money  
Can't inject it and kill disease money  
But we pray at it all till we're guns and tanks  
And offer the money god a million sacrificial lambs  
Who's the priest in charge of sacrificial plans?  
Let us pray and hold hands  
War is peace - ignorance strength - freedom is slavery x3  
Not only do we believe that creed  
We hold it deep and praise it as bravery  
Along with the vision and difference  
So we can maintain the belligerence  
To their pain, feel no shame  
It's all just stages in a video game  
That our kids play kill, kill, kill

Death is such a thrill, thrill, thrill  
Swallow junk, still feel ill  
Take blue pill, pill, pill  
Sometimes I feel like I'm losing my mind  
I do believe our nature's kind  
Just confused and we're so far gone  
Got no clue how to right these wrongs  
So we bury our head in the sand or the desk  
Anywhere but inside of our flesh  
If I looked at my self - I would see I am the enemy  
I am not honest nor kind nor caring nor sharing  
Or any of the many thing that I pretend to be  
I'm selfish and arrogant, and obedient  
Follow truth only when it's convenient  
Accept laws that I know that deceive me  
So I can sleep in my bed easy  
Don't blame governments, they are just us  
If they are corrupt, then we are corrupt  
Look back through history  
What makes you think that we would act differently?  
If we were in power  
We would devour whoever the underclass were like cowards  
The question is, is this inevitable?  
Is there good or evil?  
Some say it's overspill from days when we were tribal  
I don't buy that I think you will find that  
That's an excuse if we just don't buy facts  
Everything we really need to survive actually makes us feel good inside  
Sex feels good, food feels good  
Damn, even taking a pill feels good!  
So if war and hate were our natural causes  
Why would we need conditioning for it?  
But I ain't gonna forfeit my privileges  
Now I'll get back in line and follow my orders

# Akala - Faceless People Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [DoubleThink](#)

Genre: [Hip Hop/Rap](#)

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The faceless people (x4)

[Hook:]

We are the faceless people you don't ever see  
We are the faceless people you don't wanna be  
We are the faceless people you don't ever see  
We are the faceless people, people

[Verse 1:]

As the world turns, so does my head  
I need a little leg just to butter my bread  
Gets a little bitter but I've gotta get fed  
Never been a quitter so I've gotta get ahead  
I am the invisible man, you can't be me  
I am the invisible man, you can't see me  
I am the invisible man but I'm 3D  
Come and meet me, Mr. Invisible

[Bridge:]

We are the faceless  
We are the faithless  
Here today, tomorrow we're gone  
But nothing is wrong  
It's the same song, we're invisible  
Nothing can change us  
Or rearrange us  
We come and we go but nobody knows  
And nobody shows  
We ain't nobody, we're invisible  
We are the faceless people, people  
We are the faceless people, people

[Hook:]

We are the faceless people you don't ever see  
We are the faceless people you don't wanna be  
We are the faceless people you don't ever see  
We are the faceless people you don't wanna be

[Verse 2:]

As the world turns, so does my head  
I need a little leg just to butter my bread  
It's a little bitter but I've gotta get fed  
And I've never been a quitter so I've gotta get ahead  
I'm your worst teacher



Your favorite student  
Frivolous spender, your saving is foolish  
Lads on a bender, come on let's do this  
I'm the pretender but I speak trueness

[Bridge:]

[Verse 3:]  
Can't you see what is happening to us here  
We are tearing apart tryna keep it near  
Can't you see what's happening to us here, my dear...  
I don't wanna wake up feeling like a wasteaway  
I'm gonna save it for another rainy day  
I wanna raise these stakes in the game I play  
But I can feel it all slipping out my way  
Because I am the invisible man, you can't see me  
Being the invisible man is not easy  
I am the invisible man but I'm 3D  
Can't beat me, Mr. Invisible

[Bridge:]

# Akala - I Don't Need Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: DoubleThink

Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

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yo listen

okay.

I don't need for you to have long blonde weave down to your knees,  
I don't need for you to have the latest boo tissues or Christian d'ore dress,  
I don't need in-fact I don't want you to parade around in your underwear and booty shake for me in a video, I  
don't need for you to sing RnB.

I don't need for you to be an independent woman and I don't wanna be an independent man.  
But if we can get along and laugh and talk and have sex and dream and laugh and talk and still like each  
other. Then maybe just maybe we can depend on each other.

I don't need for you to wear red lipstick or lip gloss or face dust, I like your face just fine as it is,  
I don't need for you to paint your nails or to add fake ones i think they look kinda silly,  
i don't need to see your cleavage or your thighs I'm still getting over your eyes and your smile and i don't  
need any more distractions.  
I don't need in fact i don't want you to sit a certain way or talk like this or walk like a supermodel, I don't need  
you to loose weight.

I do need stimulating conversation, its like dead perez said I need mind sex,  
I do need to laugh with you, I do need to dream with you, I do need to be able to be honest with you.

Maybe I'm getting old but I'm finding that when you get to know a woman vertically they can be incredibly  
interesting, inspiring creatures. Just watching you work, watching you think, watching you eat. Maybe I'm  
getting old but I cant be bothered to follow my dick around everywhere, I'm happy here and to be honest I  
just ain't got the energy.  
Maybe I'm getting old but I feel like its okay to be vulnerable, to be upset, to admit I ain't the biggest, baddest,  
strongest man on the planet and sometimes I feel inadequate.  
Maybe I'm getting old but I just don't need it any more

Yah know...

# Akala - Peace Lyrics

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Peace is on the way,  
Peace is on the way.  
By the sword they say.

After this, this last blow, last chop  
Last drop  
Peace is on the way  
After this, this last scream, last shout, last trample of boot.

Just one more, one last rubble wreck where once were dreams housed,  
Last plane, last flame, last sky.  
Peace is on the way.

Just one more naked Vietnamese girl,  
Be she Russian, Israeli, Palestinian or Great Great, Great, Really Great British.

Just one more placard wielding warrior and this last sword-slinging gunman.

Just one more song of machine-gun metal hurtling Death to outrun life

Just one more war,  
Then we can have peace.

Then we can have peace.

# Akala - Yours and My Children Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: DoubleThink

Genre: Hip Hop/Rap

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Right here dangerous idea  
If we did this then we couldn't feel fear  
If there's no fear there's no control  
If there's no control someone's gotta let go  
They say I Shouldn't say too much they might delete me  
Realize I don't really care about tv  
Keep your awards your applause I'm easy  
All I can do in this life is just be me  
Pilger can say it so can Niomi Kline  
Its free speech for them that's fine  
Young black rapper should utter the same words  
Utterly absurd nutter insane nerd  
Even the fact I call myself 'black'  
Social conditioning and that's a fact  
The idea of races has no factual basis  
It was made just to serve racists  
To justify to doing to some what couldn't be done  
To others but they all are our sons  
Black or white all of our sons  
Muslim Christian all of our sons  
Look up in the sky that's all of our Sun  
Last time I checked we only had one  
So if some were superior

others inferior based on exterior  
Well then surely the sun would know and fall in to line'  
It would rain on your crops and not mine'  
Air would prefer to inhabit your lungs'  
Food would prefer the taste of your tongue'  
If that's not the case then nature has declared  
Despite what we say the worlds in fact fair

Chorus:

Kids in Iraq  
Yours and my children  
Kids in Iran  
Yours and my children  
Afghanistan  
Yours and my children  
Even Sudan  
Yours and my children  
Kids in brazil  
Yours and my children  
Police drive by the favela and just kill them  
Kids in brazil

Yours and my children  
Police drive by the favela and just kill them  
Right here dangerous idea  
If we did this then we couldn't feel fear  
If there's no fear there's no control

# Akala - Find No Enemy Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [Find No Enemy](#)

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Apparently I'm second generation black Caribbean  
And half white Scottish whatever that means  
See lately I feel confused with the boxes  
Cause to me all they do is breed conflict  
It's not that I've lost touch with the reality  
Racism, sexism and nationality  
Just to me it all seems like insanity  
Why must I rob you of your humanity  
To feel good about mine?  
It's all about crime  
Dehumanizing is how I justify it  
So I must keep on lying about the history of Africa  
So I can live the with massacres  
And repeat my mantra of Muslim and terrorist  
So I can sleep at night as bombs take flight  
Eyes wide but I'm blind to the sight  
Too busy chasing the perfect life  
And the working class keep them uneducated  
Truly educated men could never be racist  
To educate is to draw out what is within  
Are we not all not the same under the skin?  
I got a heart like yours that pumps blood and oxygen  
And insecurities are a whole lot of them I'm scared like you deep down  
I really do care that world is not fair like you  
But I don't even believe my own prayers like you  
Chasing career going nowhere like you  
Lost in a fog of my own insecurities  
I hold myself up as a image of purity  
And I judge everybody else  
By the color of their skin or the size of their wealth  
But it's not good for my health  
As the only one I ever really judge is myself  
The oppressor must suffer like the oppressed  
Though I pretend I'm in control of this mess  
By inflating my ego, puffing my chest  
I see my weakness, and need to show strength  
Or what we think strong is because if we're honest?  
True strength is the strength to be honest  
And if I'm honest I am just tired  
If I'm honest I am just tired  
Tired of everyday filling up my car and knowing that  
I'm paying for the bombs in Iraq  
Tired of pretending like it don't hurt my heart  
Of wanting change but not knowing where to start  
Tired of listening to all the conditioning

And all the forms they have me filling in  
Next time you see what is a thug and despise him  
Please know I was just like him  
Cause I was like eight the first time I saw crack  
Same time I first smoked weed choking on blowbacks  
First time I saw knives penetrate flesh  
It was meat cleavers to the back of the head  
As I grew and teenage years passed  
Many more knives pierced and the shots blast  
And I not saying I had the worst upbringing  
But there's a million young men just like me in prison  
We complain about racism and elevate clowns  
With their trousers down swinging their dicks round  
Maybe that is not quite literal  
But everything they do is just as stereotypical  
To my real fans I feel your pain  
And I get the messages, but don't complain  
That we ain't got more fame for paying our part  
They can keep the charts all I want is your hearts  
They can keep the charts all I want is your hearts  
They can keep the charts all I want is your hearts  
Calling it black radio, don't make laugh  
So is black music all about tits and arse?  
You don't represent nothing, you're just pretending  
When was the last time you ever played Hendrix?  
Or Miles Davis or John Coltrane?  
Or Ella Fitzgerald or Billie Holiday?  
We can call it urban to me that's cool  
If urban means street, that includes jazz too  
And rock for that matter  
Go ask Mick Jagger or Jimmy Page what they were listening to - the blues  
Not discrediting, love Zeppelin too, just giving credit where credit is due  
That blood soaked word rappers still use  
All it really shows is that we still self abuse  
That was the word that was used to kill Kelso Cochrane and Emmett Till  
That was the word that the conscience eased  
And made people pleased to hung you from trees  
That was the word that let the whips crack  
No matter what you say you can't take it back  
And I can say their black so I feel their pain easier  
But 1915 look at Armenia  
If the whole world is human stupidity  
Though we choke ourselves to death quite literally  
And I can talk with my comfortable mouth  
With my comfortable clothes and my comfortable house  
The tables will turn, we can but stall them  
Every empire on this earth has fallen  
So unless we can find another way  
Maybe not today, but it will come one day  
It may sound like I'm bitter but in fact truth be told I am quite the opposite  
I wake everyday and am overwhelmed  
Just to be alive and be like no one else

And the sheer weight of the thought of space  
Is enough to keep my little ego in place  
All that we chase and try to replace all along it was right in our face  
The only way we can ever change anything  
Is to look in the mirror and find no enemy  
The only way we can ever change anything  
Look in the mirror and find no enemy



# Akala - What Is Real (III Audio) Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [DoubleThink](#)

Genre: [Hip Hop/Rap](#)

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Will you you talk about being from the hood, like we're glad  
Wear it proud, like it's a badge  
But I'll be damned if, when I'm a dad my kids don't have more than I had  
Please don't confuse your situation, with identity, it's not the same thing  
You were pharaohs and scholars, long before the day you were armed robbers,  
But, whatever, it's dumb to be clever, better to act like your brains been severed  
Like these Americans so called "artists" boasting about their latest garments  
But the same labels make it very clear, they don't make clothes for dark skin  
Can't you see they're laughing? The question that I'm asking.

Real,  
Is it real, really?  
Now is it real really?

Real,  
Is it real, really? (Is it real really?)  
I doubt it's real really.

Real,  
Is it real, really? (dolla dolla bill y'all)  
Now is it real really?

Real,  
Is it real, really?  
I doubt it's real really. (uh, get money)

Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain  
Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain  
Pop champagne cop your chain, act like you got no brain!  
Come on let's pop champagne!  
Come on let's pop champagne!

Sorry, if I don't dance enough for the radio to play my stuff,  
And got no girls in the video playing the silly ho loco shakin' their butts  
I thought that rap was about content, I see now that's just nonsense  
We judge MC's by the Bentleys, and how much they can have no conscience  
How many chains can you wear, and not care, the cost was a village somewhere,  
Stones of begets, slowly forget, this ain't the first time there were chains on your neck,  
It was much worse, choose to accept, but now vexed, just perplexed  
Of course that's all us people do all day, is pop champagne and have sex!  
Why am I lying, I can't stand it, Chip on my shoulders the size of a planet!  
I organic on the mike and the flames I will fan it  
To burn down the galaxy I'm up to the challenge  
Burn down the fallacy, scorch it with talent

Burn down the anarchy, restore the balance  
I am the war with New York to Paris  
No fun now around me, I'm far too savage  
Yeah, hittin with knowledge, 'cuz we import it, ignoramus  
You're playin' the stereotype, so of course you're famous  
If for just one second you took your head from out your anus  
You would see the motivation for your elevation

What is real?  
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?  
What is real?  
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?  
What is real?  
Or is it something that I can truly feel?  
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me  
What is real?

What is real?  
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?  
What is real?  
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?  
What is real?  
Or is it something that I can truly feel?  
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me  
What is real?

Still, I got love for you, though it's very clear that you hate yourself,  
I'm just saying don't fall for the crap, being from the ghetto don't make you more black  
Also the fact: this is bigger than the color of your skin,  
It's a matter that we're all in,  
Dumber you act, the bigger the cheer,  
The bigger the fool, the bigger career,  
It's about playing a role, the educated can't be controlled  
It's about playing a role, the educated can't be controlled  
So by keeping yourself dumb, keeping yourself under the thumb  
By keeping yourself dumb, keeping yourself under the thumb  
(Feeding your face on the foods that are?) dumb, keeping yourself eating the crumbs,  
elevating some fool with a gun, keeping ourselves numb,  
So we can fit in in a world where the price of life is less than the cost of living,  
So we can fit in in a world where the price of life is less than the cost of living,

Have you forgotten what is real?  
Close your eyes and don't believe that all you see is all you feel.

Couple tattoos, few bullet wounds? Silly songs? Illiterate tunes?  
That tattoo may as well say coon, may as well grunt just like a baboon  
That's what people see when they look at me, though they may applaud my stupidity  
It's like sharks in a shark tank, watch them tear each other apart  
Find the sharks entertaining, but that don't mean that we think they're smart,  
Or are for that matter, you maybe call yourself a rapper,  
Disrespect women, but, but you are the one who is a slapper,  
You get paid to degrade yourself, publicly castrate yourself

What is real?  
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?  
What is real?  
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?  
What is real?  
Or is it something that I can truly feel?  
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me  
What is real?

What is real?  
Is it how much you make in the dollar bills?  
What is real?  
Is it how many you say you're gonna kill?  
What is real?  
Or is it something that I can truly feel?  
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me  
What is real?

We all play our positions, convinced that we are so different,  
Accept these doctrines, and this nonsense, and we take these options,  
Without one second, never questioning just what the cost is,  
You're not a hater, you can't relate to the lowest denominator, dominator!  
No, I don't wanna read the Source, I'd rather read some of Plato's thoughts,  
Of course, let us not ever forget, the place in which where he was taught,  
So if it ain't clear, none of these clown rappers could be my peers,  
It's philosophical, historical, speculations that I thought were rhetorical,  
like what's real, is it my face if an atom is nothing but empty space?  
Why the rock feel solid when I'm on it and a comet could collide with the Earth and dislodge it?  
Or maybe sonnets, metaphoric, promises the tonic for all that (is chronic?)  
Illness, apathy, ignorance tapestry that they weave to turn us into batteries.

What is real?  
What is real?  
What is real?  
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me  
What is real?  
Please tell me, please tell me, please tell me  
What is real?

Have you forgotten what is real?  
Close your eyes and don't believe that all you see is all you feel.

# Akala - It's Not That Serious Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [DoubleThink](#)

Genre: [Hip Hop/Rap](#)

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I know we only live our life based on what they think  
Cause we think it matters but I reckon  
If we didn't care for just one second  
We'd be much happier  
Realize your life is your's to live  
Tell your friends or your parents and what they think  
You want the whole thing  
Four kids and a good job a big house and quiet down  
And thats cool, stay in school. Go to uni with those like you  
If on the other hand you want to travel the world just to meditate  
Thats what you should do  
You don't need permission from the state line commission just to be who you are  
Follow your heart, follow your dreams like a kid again  
They want to write you off, with the end of the bitter pen, let them have it  
They'll come around eventually  
If not it wasn't meant to be  
Its their problem  
June or December, theres one small thing that I think we should remember

It's not that serious  
Sometimes I want to fight  
Sometimes I want to cry  
But then I must remind myself  
It's not that serious  
We're gonna make it through  
And find a better way  
That works for me and you

If you don't conform, society whips you with its displeasure  
If they were happy they wouldn't care  
Whichever way that you chose, what you do with your time  
Long as you ain't hurtin' no one, then thats fine  
Problem is we hate to see another live the life that we dream  
And I don't mean big screen and flashiness  
Just free, carefree, true happiness  
Wake everyday excited whats to come  
Never work a minute when doing something you love  
So when we judge, ask why, is it because we feel life passed us by  
It's never too late to get rid of the stress  
Theres a whole world out there  
Just look up from your desk and say that the world is mine  
And if you're not having a good time, then you're wasting your time

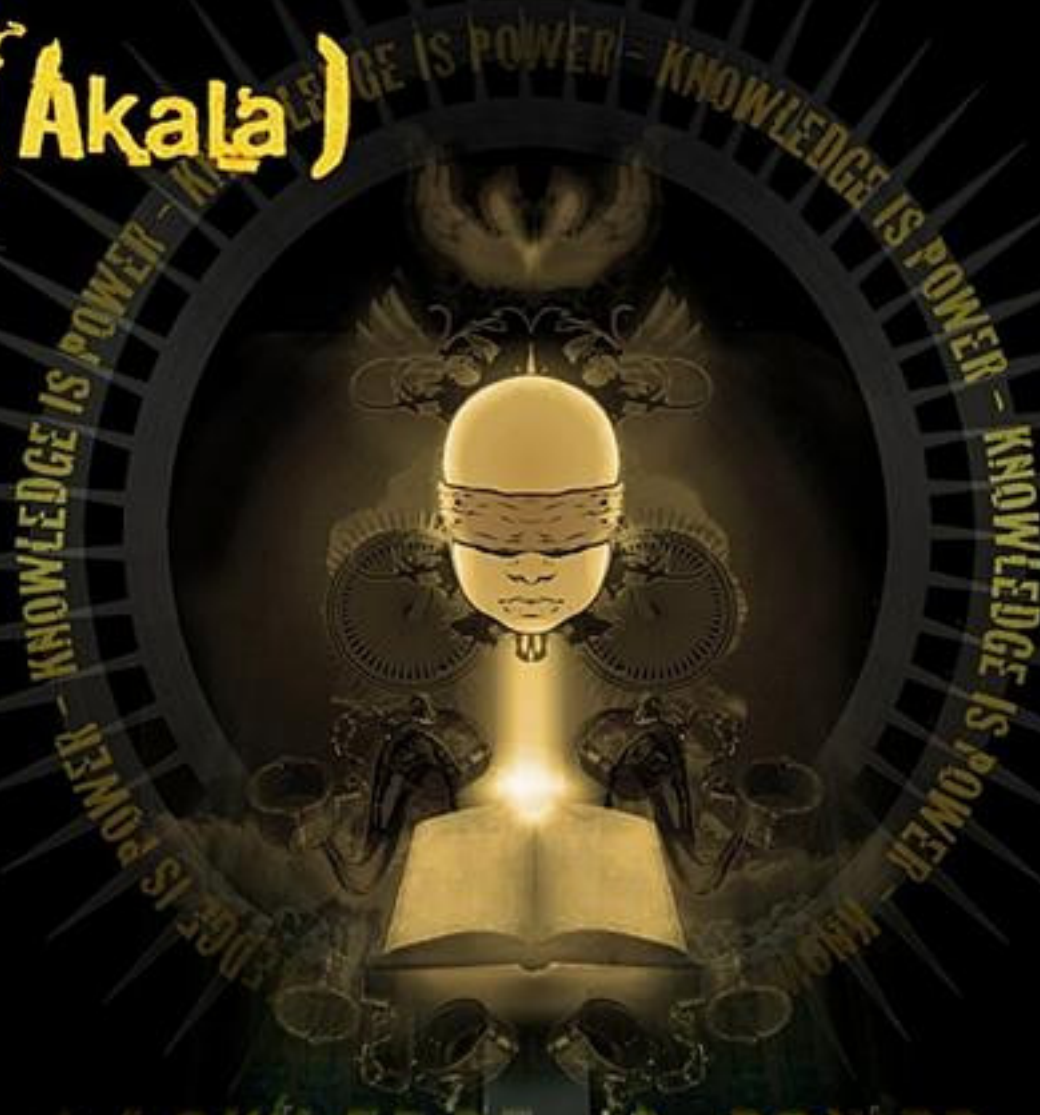
You know, yo

People think I'm really serious, right  
And I was for a long time  
I'm not gonna lie and pretend I wasn't  
But, then I realize that sometimes you just got enough  
I mean, I'm not as serious as people think  
Yeah I like to talk about the issues in the world  
But at the same time, we can't let them bog us down  
Yes, the world is not perfect, we all know that  
Its just not that serious  
Go to a comedy show, man  
Take a bubble bath, or, I don't know, buy a pink dressing gown  
Do something crazy that people wouldn't expect you to do  
Let's drop these things called egos on the floor  
Stamp on them, and try to get on with it, and realize that its just-  
Just don't take yourself do god damn serious

What about the problems in the world?  
Things ain't golden  
Yeah, I agree  
But will worrying solve them?  
No, I'm not saying ignore  
By all means do something if you feel for a cause  
But you can't feel poor enough  
To enrich one single person on this planet  
And you can't feel bad enough  
To fill one single soul with happiness  
So, the biggest challenge we face, is just keeping a smile on our face  
If stock markets crash, or girlfriends leave you, people don't like what they see when they see you  
Football teams lose, bands will split  
But the thing we must remember is this-  
Its just not that serious  
It really is not

Today walk up to somebody and talk to them find out how their day was  
Don't worry if they think you're crazy- which they probably will  
And you people in the train-  
When you don't want no one peering over your shoulder to read your letter  
Stop taking yourself so god damned seriously  
Its just your newspaper. If I want to read a bit of your newspaper, whats the problem?  
You should open it up, and let me have a good look  
Yeah? Thank you  
Ladies and gentlemen, this is Akala, not taking himself very seriously  
And there are probably a lot of people that are angry about that and think I've gone crazy  
"Why am I not screwing up my face? Why am I not trying to be the best grime MC?"  
I'm trying to make nice relaxing songs  
Whats my problem? I haven't got a problem, its just that I stopped taking myself so god damn seriously  
Thats it. Have a good day

(Akala)



KNOWLEDGE IS POWER  
MIXTAPE VOL 1

# Akala - Akala - Fire in the Booth Lyrics

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Yes, I grew up on the dole in a single parent family  
Been through a little bit of tragedy  
Yes I was around drugs and violence  
Before the day that I started secondary  
And that's part of it  
Not half of it  
Get the picture, the rest ain't necessary  
Growin' up, got a little caught up  
But that ain't even half of my life  
I was also given the knowledge of self  
That is all we actually need to survive  
If you saw me aged 9, reading Malcolm just fine  
Teachers still treated me stupid  
Students that couldn't speak English,  
they put me in groups with  
And the irony is  
Some of the first man to give me schoolin'  
You would call gangsters  
But I already explained, we know what the truth is  
They used to say 'Don't be like me'  
Yeah I got a name and dough on the street  
Night time comes, I can't sleep  
And that's the part that rappers don't speak  
We don't hit the road cos we are thugs  
Don't come out the womb, wanting to sell drugs  
If we got the right guidance and love  
Would we fight people just like us?  
How could I knock the hustle to get by?  
How do you think I ate as a child?  
Judge no one, done many things wrong  
I just don't boast about it songs  
But listen to my older bars  
I was just as confused as you probably are  
But you grow and you learn  
Travel and f\*\*\* up,  
One too many man you know get cut up  
One too many man that could've been doctors  
End up spending their whole life boxed up  
You learn, if you study  
Its all set out just to make them money  
No cover, it's all about getting  
poor people to fight with one another  
So its logical that us killing our brothers,  
Dissin' our mothers  
Is right in line with the dominant philosophy of our time  
But time is a cycle, not a line  
Comes back around you regain your mind

You be ready for the energy I channel in my rhymes  
Remedy the pedigree, the jeopardy of mine  
When the world's this f\*\*\*ed up, lethargy's a crime  
We can all fight with our brothers over crumbs,  
Far harder to fight the one who makes guns  
We can all talk sh\*\* and get two dollars  
Far harder to be the one who seeks knowledge  
If we understood economics  
We'd know money's nothin'  
Think nothing of it  
Money is a means to get wealth, not the wealth itself  
Don't get confused, I'm far from broke  
All that you see me do I own  
But I won't hang what I make around my neck  
I know from where that the diamonds came  
But I do quite literally own a library,  
That definitely costs more than your chain  
And businesses, and properties  
Far from starvin', I eat quite properly  
And I don't care, just said it for the kids  
Who need to know that you're not broke to listen  
Don't know an asset from a liability  
They've never been shown or told the difference  
So they don't change situations  
Richest man in Britain is Asian  
That's significant, not coincidence,  
Asian people build businesses,  
Not by flossin'/going out shoppin'  
Giving out their culture for everyone's profit  
Who run's Bollywood? Indian people  
Who owns our shit?  
So we shake our arse and dance  
As if racism just upped and vanished  
But has it? No its right on course  
You're beaten so bad, you're trained to ignore  
Let me not just make sweeping statements  
Gimme a second, I'll explain it  
For small amounts of drug possession there's more black people  
in jail in America than there is for rape and a  
armed robbery and murder all put together  
You can say they're just locking up thugs,  
Imagine if they locked up every  
middle class kid that had ever held drugs,  
Oh that's right, that'd be your kids!  
Bigger than that what is going on with this,  
Prison in America's a private business  
They get paid 50k per year per inmate by the State, just wait...  
Also legally are allowed to use their prison inmates as slaves  
Cheap slave labour, big corporations  
They come out of jail, can't get a job  
So when we celebrate going to jail,  
We are LITERALLY CELEBRATING ENSLAVEMENT



Add to that, that the hood that you're livin'  
Engineered social condition that breeds crime by design  
Where do you think you get your nine?  
You can say that they're just black,  
But I like to deal with facts  
In the 1920s you would've found in America  
Black towns,  
Prospering centres of economics  
and education to make you proud  
But some people couldn't bear  
that the former slaves would not just lie down  
So the KKK and other hate groups burnt  
those towns to the ground  
Killin hundreds,  
If it ain't understood,  
You think you were always livin' in the hood?  
Shit it's only been sixty years  
Since they hung blacks and burned em'  
And that was so cool  
Day reel passes, picnic baskets  
Even gave kids the day off school  
To go see a lynchin'  
Have a picnic  
It's fun to watch the little monkeys die(!)  
Then people act a little dysfunctional  
You wanna pretend that you don't know why  
If your colour means you can be killed  
And you're powerless to get justice about it  
Is it difficult to figure out  
how you would then end up feelin' about it?  
And that ain't excuses,  
Just dealing with the roots of abuses  
that make a reality  
Where a generation of young men  
speak of ourselves as dirt casually  
That's America,  
This Britain,  
Some things are similar,  
Some different,  
In this country the first enslaved were the working class  
What's changed?  
Worst jobs, worst conditions  
Worst taxed, look where you're livin'  
You go to the pub, Friday night,  
You will fight with a guy,  
Don't know what for,  
But won't fight with a guy, suit and a tie,  
Who sends your kids to die in a war,  
They don't sell the kids of the richer politicians,  
It's your kids, the poor british  
That they send to go die in a foreign land  
For these wars you don't understand,

Yeah they say that you're British  
And that lovely patriotism they feed ya  
But in reality you have more in common with immigrants  
Than with your leaders  
I know, both side of my family  
Black and white are fed ghetto mentality  
Reality in this system,  
Poor people are dirt regardless of shade  
But with that said,  
Let's not pretend that everything is the same  
When our grandparents came here to Britain  
If you had a criminal record you couldn't get in  
Yet that ain't protect them from all the stupid,  
stupid abuses they would be livin'  
Kicked in the teeth,  
Stabbed in the street,  
Many times fired bombed our houses,  
Put faeces through our letter box  
And of course the cops did so much about it(!)  
Daily, up to the 80s  
People spittin' into my pram cos' I was a coon baby  
But of course that has had no effect on why today we are crazy  
And none of this was for any good reason  
They were just dark and breathing  
To ease the guilt now for all of this treatment  
Constant stereotypes and needed  
So if I celebrate how big that my dick is,  
Bricks that I'm flippin'  
Clips that I'm stickin'  
Chicks that I'm hittin'  
I'm playing my position  
But if I teach a kid to be a mathematician,  
Messin' with the schism,  
How they gonna fill a prison when materialism is no longer our religion?  
What do you think we got now in Britain?  
Just like America, private prisons  
Prisons for profit!  
That mean when your kids go jail people make money off it,  
So keep environments that breed crime  
Build more jails at the same time  
Market badness to the kids in the rhymes  
As long as rich kids ain't dying its fine!  
Get em' to the point where some are so lost  
They actually believe that  
if they don't celebrate killin' themselves off  
That it's because they're soft  
Was Malcom soft?  
Was Marley soft?  
Tell me was Marcus Garvey soft?  
Well? Was Mohammed Ali soft?  
Nah, Nah I think not!  
But they want us to think that the road is cool

Being on road is all we can do  
We don't control the wholesale productions  
Who benefits from us movin' the food?  
Or thinking there's no way out of road life  
But Malcolm X used to hustle out on the roadside  
When Marcus Garvey organised more than 6million people  
Why is this something you cannot equal?  
Shiiiiit!  
One of my homeboys did a ten straight in the box in yard  
Now what's he doing?  
Passin' his doctorate  
Don't tell me that it's too hard!  
Who trained you to believe that you're inferior?  
Sungbo Eredo in Nigeria are the remains of an ancient moat,  
Dug 1000 years ago  
20 metres wide, 70 down,  
Round the remains of an ancient town  
That's 400 square miles around  
400 square miles around  
Please, please don't believe me,  
It was a documentary on BBC!  
But we ain't studyin' history,  
Too busy watching MTV  
And MTV said wear platinum,  
Now everybody wanna go and wear platinum,  
And MTV said pop magnums,  
Now everybody wanna go and pop magnums  
If MTV said drink prune juice  
You would start hearing that in tunes soon,  
'Hey! Today I wore my Cartier,  
Is it now more important what I got to say?'  
Oh and I drive a Mercedes by the way  
So everybody listen to what I got to say  
Huh, does that make you all happy?  
Ahh but shit my head's still nappy  
Think for myself, still some mad at me  
But on the mic ain't not one bad as me  
All of this here's good for the rhymes  
Put us in the same place at the same time  
And it's clear to everybody that I'm out of my mind  
Some of these guys are runnin' out of their rhymes  
Clear to everybody that has got ears  
I'm the guy that they just might fear  
They wanna get near but they can't have a peer  
Ah dear I'm hard liquor you're just like beer  
Front on the kid for another five years  
Come to my shows and some cry tears  
It mean that much to em', it's a movement!  
I don't speak for myself but a unit,  
Black, white, man, woman,  
anyone that respects truth we put in  
Dudes are like dinner with no puddin'

Yeah you're sweet but no substance puddin'  
You could never ever be with a level on  
Our songs get out played out there in Lebanon  
We speak for the people properly  
Not for the old fat guys in offices  
And the girls love him, it ain't fair  
He can't even be bothered to comb his hair  
Anyway that's enough kissin' my own arse  
Back to the more important task of being so shower  
I got half the hood screaming "KNOWLEDGE IS POWER"  
And I ain't saying that will change rap  
But I do know this for a fact  
Right now there's a yout' on your block  
With his hands on his balls, face screwed up  
Swear he don't care, don't give a fuck  
That he won't let nobody caught his block  
But the words go in  
Open your shackles  
Because once that's happened there's no going back  
Once you start to see what is really happening  
Who the enemy you should be attackin' is  
So READ, READ, READ!  
Stuck on the block, READ, READ!  
Sittin' in the box, READ, READ!  
Don't let them say what you can achieve  
Cos when people are enslaved  
One of the first things they do is stop them reading  
Cos' it is well understood  
that intelligent people will take their freedom  
Cos' if we knew our power  
we would understand that we can't be held down  
If we knew our power,  
we would not elevate not one of these clowns  
If we knew our power,  
we wouldn't get arrogant when we get two pennies  
If we knew our power,  
we would see what everybody sees, that we're rich already!  
But never mind MCs go run for your mummy  
I'm hungry, I run for my tummy  
That's enough back to worshipping money  
I'm off, back to the study!

# Akala - Absolute Power Lyrics

---

Absolute power corrupts absolutely  
But absolute powerlessness does the same  
Its not the poverty  
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

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But absolute powerlessness does the same  
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In a scheme of livin' my life wasn't hard  
But as far as britain goes shit I practically starved  
Sleeping in a track suit, gas meter runnin' out  
Electric cut off as well, candles lightin' up the house  
Lookin' in my momma's eyes I see how she feels  
The strain and the pain of just paying bills  
It ain't real, and thats how I grew like so many more  
And it is part of who I am  
I am very sure  
You wanna know the rage I feel in my stomach  
Knowing my mum and dad split up when I was still in her stomach  
And not everything that happened I will put in sixteens  
But I will tell you enough so you will know what I mean  
My boy's mother got cancer the same time as mine  
His mother died, and mine survived  
The shit was fucked back then  
When I was like ten already had the mental strength  
More than many grown men

Absolute power corrupts absolutely  
But absolute powerlessness does the same  
Its not the poverty  
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

This was a couple years after my step-dad left  
Did he really know the crazy mess that he left?  
Cos mum done' recovered from the lumps in her neck  
Being poor and alone just couldn't cope with the stress  
And I earn my big sis for  
So much soul that night hattan left school  
When she left home  
I was thirteen by now  
Still a little kid, innocent  
Next couple years though would turn him 'to a militant  
That is the result of no food in the fridge  
And every other day being searched by the pigs  
Fuck these patronizing teachers

Don't want my grades 'slip, trynna' emasculate me  
-yeah turn me 'to a bitch  
And I dont mean a woman please lemme be clear  
I mean a spineless man 'cos what do they fear  
Than a working class black male with a brain  
When our energy is harnessed, every changed  
Look at 'Pac look at Marley look at Hendrix look at Garvey  
This is the potential that is wasted on a daily basis  
In this racist, classist world that we live in  
Still we comin' from nothing but we educate millions

Absolute power corrupts absolutely  
But absolute powerlessness does the same  
Its not the poverty  
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

I understand why it scares you  
Its like how dare you  
Overcome obstacles that we have been careful to  
Place in your way every step of the way  
In this so called democracy where kids get sprayed  
Blacks and the Asians, Turks and the chavs  
Crowded in council flats, living like ants  
And who's more confused than the poor white trash  
Spouting the bullshit about they want their country back  
It never was yours, you should read more  
What they did to brown people they did to their own poor  
Peoples memories short, so much that im seeing  
Black and asian kids cussing eastern Europeans  
No pot to piss in, makes competition  
I fail to see how this is an effective system  
Cats and dogs in America and Britain  
Eat better food then most of humanity  
We spend our technology only on killin'  
How is this more than sophisticated savagery  
Its like its said, the world is a stage  
Each person's just an actor with a part to play  
Like the middle class kids, - kids of the rich  
Have everything, but yet still they pissed  
On coke and ketamine, strung out on heroin  
I ain't generalizing, look at the evidence

Absolute power corrupts absolutely  
But absolute powerlessness does the same  
Its not the poverty  
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

Go to Glastonbury any year  
You will see, unlike carnival  
It won't be crawling with police  
This is London, the kids on the very next street  
Had a very different life experience than me

In my experience they can't help but be smug  
After a lifetime of what they think's just good luck  
They're still more anxious  
And more frank cos'  
Unearned privilege weigh's like an anchor  
That's why they copy what we do, tryna' be what they not  
They will grow up though and get better jobs  
They will maintain the system they claim that they hated  
But they can't burn it down they got a stake in this matrix  
Hip-hop is just a fad to them, you didn't know?  
But to us, this our living breathing soul  
And yeah they might backpack in South America  
Or even volunteer in an African village  
But all said and done, push comes to shove  
And shit hits the fan they're middle class and British  
That's just how it is, most rich brown people are just as full of shit  
So more concerned with they cars and jewels  
Most of the worlds poor looks just like you  
So more concerned with imprivileged few  
Most of the worlds poor looks just like you  
  
Absolute power corrupts absolutely  
But absolute powerlessness does the same  
Its not the poverty  
Its the inequality that we live with everyday that will turn us insane

# Akala - Who's the Gangsta? Lyrics

---

Yo, Akala, listen...  
Who's the Gangsta?  
We claim Gangsta  
Hip hop tells us we're Gansta  
But do we make the straps and the scales?  
Or just pack the jails  
So please ask yourself  
Who's the Gansta? The real Gansta

I don't give a rats arse  
Or a raasclaat  
Who you're spars are  
Or where you par par  
Don't start  
Are your bars hard?  
Have you mastered  
How to spar with a bastard?  
Been dark since the march of the Spartans  
Before Eve ate the fruit of the garden  
I was in pursuit of the truth like a slalom  
Dodging these sergeants  
Slave masters  
Whether they cuffed or they feathered and tarred 'em  
Same shit  
Different Jargon  
Same Clip  
Different cartridge  
Same whip  
Different master  
Look closer  
We ain't got past it  
The shackles are not tackled  
They're just different  
Cattle rattle and rattle  
But they collect the dividends  
We're a fuel for someone else's engine  
We don't run a damn thing We're just pretending  
So all the big talk, don't affect me  
My elders lick banks So you can't impress me  
With all the talk 'bout another mans gun  
That we use to kill each other for fun  
When the master sends the overseers to see us  
We toss the weapon and run  
Boy dem run in your yard diss your mother  
Dashing her knickers all out of the cupboard  
Got us face down with their feet on our neck  
But we still believe we are vets



But... do we make the straps and the scales  
Or just pack the jails  
So please ask yourself  
WHO'S THE GANGSTA?  
Do we make the planes and the boats  
That import the coke?  
So please ask yourself  
WHO'S THE GANSTA?

We blow each other's brain in  
So entertaining  
They drop bombs of depleted Uranium  
You bruk the law?  
You go to prison  
They kill a couple million, stack a billion  
Business as usual, death in the colonies  
What is that but state to state armed robbery  
Just a road move on a bigger level  
Think we are mountains but we're just pebbles  
Better yet a sand grain  
Go pop a little champagne  
But the people in the south of France are not our fans mate  
Would love to live nice and happy too  
But ask yourself this  
Does anyone that you know control the flow of capital?  
The answer is no  
And if you knew the business deals man are negotiating  
You would know you could never ever claim that im hatin  
Vegan cuz, but I get the bacon and eggs just fine  
In case you're mistaken  
And if I don't like that?  
I don't like that  
Grew up on Big Yout and Gregory Isaacs  
No surprise that  
Revolution on my track  
Been right there from right back  
Sacred Geometry  
Don't follow me  
Still just an angry yout that spits horribly  
Trying to live peaceful, I remember  
What happened the last time I lost my temper  
And believe I ain't trying to be hard  
The abuse that I suffered  
I'm emotionally scarred  
Supposed to be only beholding the bars  
Instead I'm a professor that never went to class  
I write literature, they write bars  
The Celtic warrior, Marooned from yard  
When you compare me to these little tarts  
All you are showing is you're not very smart  
Real MC it's my culture

Grew up on the sound systems with the toasters  
You man'a put down  
Its third gear to me  
Tenth planet ain't not another one near to me  
When I orbit  
Clicks forfeit  
'course it flows  
My yout don't force it  
Or try brush man off  
As just conscious  
Come out my face with that nonsense  
Tug revolution, that's what it is  
Never do we run from one of these kids  
If we ain't shook with the owners of the plantation  
Why would we run from a slave?  
We've all got goons  
That love us enough to wanna die for us  
So just behave  
Cause man'a old school straighteners  
One two one two face of the haters  
Chasing their papers  
Nah!  
Man are chasing freedom  
But papers are making and blatantly shaking and quaking in their boots  
Anytime you talk about breaking enslavement  
So I do feel like Neo in the Matrix  
Cause I don't understand  
Why is everybody so scared of the agents  
When they are powerless BLATANT  
Got a little bit, but I put it on the line  
Listen to the shit that I spit in my rhymes  
Ali at his prime, principal first  
Even if it means that I don't get heard  
Cause the herds are absurd  
Their hating the nerd  
But the nerd's controlling the face of the earth  
So I tell a man so straight I'm a nerd  
But duppy a track at my worst  
Cold as a blizzard in a furnace  
A wizard of a wordsmith  
Riddles that I chisel in stone  
Perfect  
Ask for yourself on the road  
They'll tell you Akala is cold  
He kicks knowledge for the block  
Never gonna stop  
Progression on my albums  
Never gonna flop  
When that shit's on  
It starts to dawn  
This whole shit is chess  
And they want us to celebrate the fact that we are just pawns

But I am not on it  
See  
The last thing they want is man with road energy  
To stop killing one another and think cleverly  
And ask why you're living where you're living and how you're living  
Did you create the conditions that you're raising you're kid in?  
And if you didn't who did it?  
Is it really for the hood  
If only by crushing your aspirations  
Can they maintain this here situation  
Only by destroying the dreams of your kids quick  
Can they keep their unearned privileges  
And that is what it's all about

# Akala - I'm So Cool Lyrics

---

Im an emcee first so guess what shithead  
I can be an arrogant prick too dickhead  
We all got tugs on the road that spit lead  
What you choose to promote what's your intent  
Man done hundreds of shows no deal  
Can count countries I been and I still  
Ill shit kill shit red and blue pill shit  
Talk sense but tugs still feel shit  
14 in coliseum with big women  
Every other week when the shots kept ringing  
So parden me if I don't give a fuck lately  
But half of these bars emcees wanna spray me  
Only care if you wanna educate me  
Or great emcee like Biggie was baby  
I've no response if you hate me  
Don't lie to yourself claim that you don't rate me  
Who else can make intelligence seem sexy  
Girls try hard, still can't get me  
Gotta be a queen, stay select  
Grown man don't run when I get a wreck  
Not any girl that can feel the sweat, heat  
Push the mind sex and I change the technique  
Who the fuck, you wanna claim you rep street  
You ain't out there with the youts and get deep?

Im so cool playing the game  
But I make my own rules  
I'm so cool stay in your lane  
Or you'll get took to school  
Im so cool playing the game  
But I make my own rules  
I'm so cool, so cool so fucking cool

Many man talk shit but they got no talent  
Everything that I spit classic  
Known from Sudan to Zimbabwe the hard way  
Livin' off the work of the words that the bard spray  
Teaching my shit in the schools since the first disc  
What would you think when im there, im a wordsmith  
In the truest sense of the word have you heard prick  
It's a new day absurd with my nerd shit  
...We know Akala we know that he reads  
Never run from no guy and see men bleed  
We all talk tough on the track oh please!  
You ain't out there on the steet  
I am not superman  
You are not superman

But I dont need to pretend that I am  
I'de rather fight with the right foe that has stole land  
Soul stone cold put a price on your soul man  
You can take my wisdom for weakness sweetness  
Don't belive that 'turn the other cheek' shit  
Fuck Akala with all that deep shit?  
Please tell me, really whats street shit  
Italian designers, chilling on the block with you  
Shot rocks, pop Glocks, hop blocks with you?  
We own the straps and the scales?  
Or the fasion sales?  
Or...just pack the jails

A military mind since back in 04  
Who's relevant from then its oh so poor  
Emcees come through and the last one sees  
And im bleeding and breathing the meaning we feel it  
Don't want credit for the message I discuss  
Nuff' conscious emcees are boring as fuck  
Credit cos my swag, is fly through the roof  
A bop when I spit the fire in the booth  
Credit cos I am the best emcee  
Oh lord dear god Just flee fuck me!  
Credit cos I am oh so original  
You ain't the only bro that knows criminals  
Don't shout out my OG's on the track  
They're way too serious for all of that crap  
Mans that buy yard and (yawnin) in Ghana  
Might be gangstas but always were fathers  
Can't rate man that is smuggling parada  
Cos yout dem a struggle its dumb fuck retarded  
Few emcees have got the game twisted  
Don't be ashamed you're earnin' an honest living  
How many fucked up cos our dad's in prison  
And if they were around there would be less killing  
And if you must die then die for the right cause  
Die like a muthafuckin man in the right war  
Die like Toussain  
Die like Dessaline  
Die like Malcom  
Scheming on a better dream  
Die for your family  
Die for your Kids home  
Don't die for a dumb block that you don't own

# Akala - A Message Lyrics

---

Why are men so weak?  
I ain't got the answer  
Any boy can bust a nut  
Takes a man to be a father and a partner  
Especially young and poor, makes it harder  
So we fuck and flee the glee of dicks harder  
See every man wants to be loved as much as women do  
But we are men, who we gonna admit it to  
Especially in these streets when we pose like a killer do  
When we say they're hoes does that go for our sisters too?  
And I ain't saying i'm perfect  
Far from it  
Chauvinistic pig, but shit, i'm working on  
From the day I woke up and realised that I hated women  
Which is dumb, cos I was only raised by women  
And I ain't saying they're perfect they would admit they ain't  
But they ain't doing 99% of the rape  
Male supremacy got us thinking its cool  
And women are just objects we do things to

This is a message to my little sisters (this is a message!)  
Growing up in this world with no father figures  
Deep down need that love from a man (from a man!)  
So she get it anyway that she can, yo  
This is a message to my little brothers (this-is!)  
Growing up in this cold world with only mothers  
Trying their hardest to be a man  
Gettin' the gram feed the fam only way you can (any way, yeah)

If most mothers acted exactly like most daddies do  
There would be an even bigger bigger bag of homeless youths  
Runnin' the streets, feeling unloved  
How many so called tugs  
That grew up with only mums  
What if daddy stayed around  
Showed him what a man was about  
What if he wasn't 8 when he became the man of the house  
Where would he be now?  
Disciplined, smarter  
Mums wouldn't have kicked him out for lookin' just like her partner  
Instead when she glance at her son?  
It's a reminder of the beatings that he gave her  
How he mentally enslaved her  
All the while he was abusing she looked at him like a savior  
But nobody but herself could save her  
And now her eldest son in and out of the prison and women like his daddy  
And daughter 15 dropping a baby on the family

Listen

What about the daughters

We always hear about the boys madness

What about the girls born to a dad absent

Told her she was the princess, him and mummy fell out

Ever since then? quickly just lost interest

On to the next piece of skirt with a thin dress

Odd, the lessons we learn we don't sin less

We leave daughters, just because we can

And she after any affection she can have in a man

Same type of girl we turn and call a slag

I ain't sayin' I never did it i'm just sayin' its mad

Cos cuz?

Been 15 and suicidal sad

I don't know what it was

Maybe I miss my dad

All the things I never had, making me mad

In a world that says you don't have? You're basically bad

If we have half the parents

Are we half the person then?

Has it always been like this?

Is this the curse of men?

But then again, even if they stayed together

I don't know if its necessarily better

If they're at each other's throats, or just plain ignore

Parents, they fuck you up they do, that's for sure

Then we grow up

And turn up just like you

The question is?

Can we break the cycle

# Akala - Get Educated Lyrics

---

Gordon Bennet  
Im flabbergasted  
Smart Barstard  
Why don't he plsy his role and just act retarded  
Cos when you're born single parent poor thts your place  
Don't read too many books, sag your jeans screw your face  
Chat shit  
Act thick  
Practice  
Your backflips  
Put your motherfucking arse out for the cameras  
Providing entertainment for your cultural betters  
Men of letters think we can only be good if they let us, cos  
Knowledge ain't for punks, they market it like it is  
Cos who the fuck wants to be Carlton from fresh prince  
But geeks designed the system devisions of poleticians  
Marthis, and the smiths were livin in their vison  
So, Knowledge is power  
For devouring cowards that showerd you  
With propaganda each and every hour that's why  
Malcom never died as, just another tug on the road  
A symbol over the globe  
Cos did you know?

The most rebellious thing you can do is get educated  
Forget what they told you in school, get educated  
I ain't sayin' play by the rules, get educated x4  
Break the chains of their enslavement, get educated  
Even if you're on the pavement, get educated  
What a weapon that your brain is, get educated x2

We speak of power  
When we speak of education  
Free your body free your mind  
What you think Toussaint did?  
Planned rebellion, that's the way to use your brain kid  
That's the only way were gonna make it outta this matrix but  
Gotta know the basics  
We can look around say that we hate it but  
But how do we change it  
Or rearrange it, all to replace it  
Gotta step into the mind that designed ya  
What do you reckon when you step into the fire  
What are you reppin' is it definitely bias  
Severing your effort in the ways they require?  
Act like you're lesser than better  
Severing [?] is clever



I know a bag of youths that act like they ain't clever  
Cause it's become fashionable to say we all clap a tool  
Never symbols of the state, only those that look like you  
So whose love are we doin', pursuin' our ruin  
The riddle ain't very hard, brother you fill the clue in  
So when we clappin' our tools and play the fool  
We ain't breakin' the rules, it ain't very cool, you know what to do

So you want to hide something from Blacks  
Then you should put it in a book  
Still some brothers won't even look, it's like they shook  
Its not just us, dumber you act the more they promote it  
Cos dumb people will not rebel, sure you know this  
Yo, look at the dreams that they feed to our babies, your seeds  
Look at the means that they tell us you make all the P's  
Dumb celebrities say girls act like you're me  
If you suck dick and film it, get a show on TV  
Because we don't want too many women thinkin' like bell hooks  
We want a bag of hookers that bend over and just cook  
Our silicone addressers do anything to impress us  
Of course a woman's life is lived just for the fellas  
Much as the next man, I love a woman that's shaped up  
But there's nothing more unattractive than a woman that play dumb  
But the ego with a reason to see you  
Lesser than equal to be you  
But wanna keep you  
At all the bullshit that we do deceitful  
And we're evil  
I wouldn't want to be you  
Putting up with our bullshit, and I mean me too  
The anger burns inside of me, violently, its dividing me  
One moment I'm cool, the next I think that you're tryin' me  
Cos of course I believe in peace, theoretically, generally  
But if you love something then you got to defend it, see  
Not tellin you be a coward, no coward could be a friend to me  
You should know your enemy, cut the head of a centipede  
But know the one whose head needs to get severed  
For the one who just lives it cos they just don't really know no better  
The yout across the block ain't your enemy brother  
And if you really knew the truth you'd be defending each other

# Akala - Behind My Painted Smile Lyrics

---

[Verse 1: Akala]

Behind my painted smile when all the revolutionary noise is nothing but a lost little boy  
Confused and insecure, arrogant and oversure  
An egotistical prick so come on please praise me more  
It's great that my music bettered you but I contemplate murder every day so don't put me on a pedestal  
Plus truly, just the vehicle the music just runs through me  
In my better moments I could let the universe use me

[Lowkey]

Behind my smile there's generations of pain, self-hatred, ingrained miseducated my brain  
Decimated the place where my dead relations were slain  
Not just physically but mentally penetrated our veins  
What you got inside hasn't gotta die once it can die a lot of times, that I promise my son  
Analyse every song that I've done - tryna fight colonialism with a colonised tongue

[Hook]

Here I stand again  
Living in sin  
Caught up, in the dream  
Behind the painted smile

[Akala Verse:2]

Behind my painted smile is the most painful grimace  
This mental prison I live in cause I am so conditioned  
By my privilege, what a strange contradiction  
To grow up brown in Britain and know that your living  
Was paid for by a carcass that resembles yours  
Born in the heart of the empire  
You're worth more than I was just like you  
But less than the native ones, raised by my mum but in this world I am a father's son

[Lowkey]

Behind my painted smile, a very flawed human being  
Done many things that I regret and never knew the reason  
What do you believe in, truth or freedom or are you deceiving?  
I don't wanna die in prostration to European's  
They say the answer is within you and nowhere else  
Understand the vision man on a mission to know himself  
This is for my co-defendants no retreat and no surrender  
You probably think that we don't remember Ota Benga

[Hook]

[Akala verse:3]

The smile is painted on my face is tainted by a frown  
Picture in the pocket's of blood that decorate the town  
Trigger jam bullets sung and guns hum

Then everyone that's dead was somebody's someone

[Lowkey]

Behind my painted smile I feel like a naked child  
Maybe rapping ain't for now cos my passion is fading out  
Up early though I search and roam along this dirty road  
Just another traveller taking a long journey home

[Akala]

All this talk of intervention to protect on what is the intention  
Same as it ever was the colonial past and present  
And more respect for most of the right wingers  
Than the paternalistic patronising liberal bigot

[Lowkey]

Our way of life is so divine, we should intervene  
Select war and export the British dream  
Behind cinema screens there's much that isn't seen  
George Clooney war movies never bring our children peace

[Akala]

Yo fam, you ever wake up and just feel like fucking off, and never coming back to this place and just cutting off?

[Lowkey]

All the time, almost did last year the trouble was the bloody cops had me running in and out the bloody dock

[Akala]

I been there brother, though I don't promote it in this rap shit, I ain't a stranger to having my back on their blue plastic

[Lowkey]

Can't keep us captive

[Akala]

We see the tactics

[Lowkey]

To keep us passive

[Akala]

We beat the fascists

[Lowkey]

Release the classics

[Akala & Lowkey]

And reach the masses!

[Hook]x2



# Akala - Insert Truth Here Lyrics

---

Truth  
Who knows it?  
Definitely not me  
And they say they do?  
They ain't said shit  
Look at their attitudes

Who Knows what the truth is  
Cos when im stupid enough to claim the exclusive  
Rights on nulling of the facts, bullshit  
Its just another attack, causing  
You to be pushed to the back, move it  
If you accept that you lack, prove it  
Skill's of your own  
Are you groaning  
Your tone  
In your phone  
Gonna add your pay to poem? homes?  
Accept my definition  
Of yourself then your in my prison  
Whos reality's  
Gradually  
Having me  
Casually  
Can you fathom the insanity  
Of believing the truth is held by a few  
And it ain't me or you  
Ain't no truths just points of view  
If it ain't known then is it still true  
And If God made scriptures?  
Can you tell me?  
What language did she write in?  
And if she picked one, out of the thousands?  
How is that enlightening  
For those that dont speak the language  
How they gonna understand it?  
Or is god that underhanded  
That he'd act just about as dumb as man is  
People just wanna feel important  
Reporting ideas of the truth extorting  
Those without nothing are the ones that brought in  
Look at religion its almost deporting  
Hard to admit that the world we're brought in  
We ain't got a clue what the fuck the force is  
That makes uncountable stars in the cosmos  
Easy like a painter doing odd jobs  
Accept that we dont know whats what

All gonna die anyway so whats lost  
Good, bad, heaven, hell  
Just ideas that are sold so well  
By all the people with power and privilege  
To trap us in fear, living like invalids  
C'mon look at the BASTARDS like  
Telling you to wait for the afterlife  
They Ain't gotta live with half the strife  
Fuck turn the other cheek, hardest strike  
For anyone that tries to take your power  
And use it in their way selfish  
Nah, fuck these cowards  
You're as divine as anybody else is  
Anyone that tries to trouble your loved ones  
That is the time and the place that you can buss guns  
Numb fucks livin' off trust funds  
Got us down hear struggling for nuff crumbs  
People end up dumb, killing over lump sums  
Look how quickly we become accustom  
To picture the paper that's pretty  
The price of a tenant to live in the city  
Life were defending has ever been shitty  
They write all the endings and never been with me

Look what they feed us, leaders  
Prophets a profit, think that they're Jesus  
Did Jesus ask for a church collection?  
Or drive a rolls royce with a turbo engine?  
Lines in my voice and the words i mention?  
Inspired by choice that of false pretension?  
Blinded by noise of the poise of pension  
Sang with my boys we are music henchmen (?)  
See? the truth i mention  
Beyond my own comprehension

# Akala - Knowledge Is Power Lyrics

---

We claim we're lovin' this hip hop  
Are we ready to understand it  
In its fullest cultural state  
Beyond its useless branding  
Beyond the story that keeps us telling us the common myth  
People started rapping in the 70's what a bunch of shit  
Done with the talk  
Im lovin New York for impact in my heart  
But lets not pretend there was no foundation to this art  
Cos KRS-ONE and Bam would be the first ones to say  
Birth of hip hop runs far deeper within our veins  
Before Kool Herc came to New York pumping 100 watts  
Before the Watts Prophets, Last Poets and Gil Scott  
Before there was Jazz  
Before there was Blues  
Before there was Cab Calloway  
Before the whips the ships and all the tragedy  
Before we were stripped of Knowledge of our cultural anatomy  
You could be hip hop for generations you're still family  
Before there were slaves, fuck the bullshit about slave music  
You must have had a cultural base to even produce it  
The schools of Timbuktu they already knew  
The cycles of the planet and the motion of the moon  
150 years before Galileo check it  
And medieval Benin's in the Guinness book of records  
And all of them cultures there... they had a Griot speaker  
A story telling musician poet and history keeper  
Who had to memorise a couple thousand oral epics  
The tradition still exists today but it could get neglected  
And hip hop? Needs to be understood  
In its fullest context not just as a product of the hood  
Cos Miles Davis was rich and still played with the same feeling  
It's that cultural memory go and ask Steven  
Ella Fitz Gerald scatting's basically rapping  
If you know we lost our language then you know what has happened  
So when you hear somebody's rapping?  
The base of its is African  
Its not about excluding nobody its just accurate...

KNOWLEDGE... IS... POWER!  
Don't let them tell you 'bout yourself  
Never that's your wealth  
KNOWLEDGE... IS... POWER!  
If you dont feed your mind how can you live in health?  
KNOWLEDGE... IS... POWER!  
Don't let them tell you 'bout yourself  
Never that's your wealth

Look around hip hop's becomes this global voice  
But we must understand its roots so we can have a choice  
What we should do with it how to use it  
How to teach our students  
Cos Viacom is not our cultural institution  
But it will use this culture for its prostitution  
And our destruction, anything but a solution  
The ghetto dilemma's as bad as its ever been  
People are dead, just ain't rememberin'  
Roots of the rhythm and bass  
[?] thing is as good as the parts that assemble it  
Hamlet is writing, we think the pencil is  
People are sacred, we think the Temple is  
If i'm uncomfortable you shouldn't mention it  
Im superior so watch your sentences  
Don't disturb my privileged pensioners  
Living off ignorance of all the members of  
Every one of all the people we severed off  
Never one of all the people we're never soft  
Any gun or the better we sell it off  
Any sum of all the cheddar we level off  
Cultural suicide is a necessity  
To get you to worship celebrity  
Cos people with a strong sense of themselves could say that we'll never be

When they say that Knowledge ain't for you and your people  
They're tryna' keep you less than equal  
Cos deep down in themselves, that's how they really see you  
Less based on status  
Or the places you was raised in  
Or the shape of your faces  
Degrees or bank statements  
So we gotta reject Whatever they set  
They're never benevolent yet  
Yet we sit at a desk Collecting a check  
No need to ever respect  
Mess coupled by death  
Tripled by theft  
Look at the West and the rest  
Transfer knowledge transfer the power then tell me what is left  
Bliss? No ignorance  
It just just his head that is numbing the pain  
Only the clever shit should ever change  
Our development towards an aim  
No bro, push of the chain  
Training the muscle is training the brain  
It is the same if you push through the pain  
Once you are strong you are never the same  
Your manner your swagger  
The way that you stand up  
The way that you work with your boys as a rapper



I've seen a killer convert from a trapper  
To working with yout dem and tellin' em man up  
I am not telling you it will get better  
But if we are to fight we must keep our jab up

C'mon my people stand up



# Akala - Let It All Happen Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: The Thieves Banquet

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[Verse 1: Akala]

Existence is resistance in a world that  
Thinks the human instinct should be held back  
And all of our wisdom we we should sell that  
Destroy the difference that we all have

And make use clones for the throne  
Serving their agendas  
Even when we think we oppose  
We're really their defenders

Look at what is given to those  
Who chose for their repentance?  
To fold to the goddess of gold and be cold henchmen  
For stars spangled with banners

That dangles cars as carrots  
Strangle Mars with cannons  
Mangle arms with malice  
And channel arms so callous  
And banish bards that challenge

And challenge half the planet  
The great USA  
With a British dog on a leash  
We are the bringers of peace into the Middle of East

You are invited to Feast  
On the tasty flesh of a beast  
It might be someone's seed  
But why worry there is no need

We intravenously feed  
On dead carcasses  
Yeah they're starving cos  
They wanted to own their own wealth  
And they are not part of us

Most of the time I think of myself  
And I can palm it off  
Sometimes I think of the world  
It gets me started off

[Hook]

So so what do we do now

Make ways that praise more than a few how?  
Their fake ways we kill it with a tool blow  
Or go back to the way we've always done it

Whatever we do there's always gonna be division  
Whatever we do there will always be a thieves' religion  
Whatever we do they're just gonna build another prison  
So let's just do nothing and let it all happen

Whatever we do the universe just keeps on giving  
Whatever we do the Earth will always keep on spinning  
Whatever we knew we still won't understand beginnings  
So let's just do nothing and let it all happen

Existence is resistance in a world that  
Thinks the human instinct should be held back  
And all of our wisdom we should sell that  
Destroy the difference that we all have

[Verse 2: Akala]

Every freedom we believe we're receiving this evening  
But believing is deceiving  
When there's no meaning  
In not a syllable

However how lyrical  
Spouted from the mouths of a clout  
Devout criminals  
Hegemony is as old as humanity right?

So we're told  
So let us scramble for the globe until everything folds  
As long as pockets always have enough dollars to fold  
As long as rockets always have enough venom to scold

A daddy's daughter  
A mother's son  
Or anyone  
That has not come to succumb to a murderer's tongue

So we're told  
Worship a gun  
From the palace of permanent slums  
Purchase a ton  
From whoever will sell you the Sun

And sell it back to whoever can give you the funds  
The race is run  
But I don't know if we lost or we won  
It's all perception, death and resurrection  
A lack of answers won't stop as asking the question

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Akala]

Resisting the system?  
Please tell me what's the mission  
Cos we would probably be oppressors  
If given position

Yeah I try to spread a message, but really ambition  
Is what is driven through my lyrics  
I'm really a gimmick  
Not that I don't put my heart and my soul in the words

It's just I ask  
If the bars are changing the Earth  
How arrogant to believe we can change it  
Through art

Only slightly less arrogant than those  
Who believe that we can't  
So pull a bit harder  
We may just crumble the house of cards

Never to slumber it's strength in numbers  
Whenever we charge  
There is a charge, lays these bars lace the guitars  
Aim for the stars  
Game for the part, straight as dart, pain from the heart  
Great for the art

Start fighting  
Or never should ever you pen to the page  
Start writing  
Or never should ever you empty the gauge

Murder a phase, verbally slayed  
The coroner could not determine his age  
Hard as a foreigner earning a wage  
From the conservative nerd of a sage

Not heard? I'm a permanent page  
Written in the ink of the blood of a slave  
No cotton so burn on a wage  
Buried at the bottom of the ocean of rage

[Outro]

Existence is resistance.. x15  
So so what do we do now?

# Akala - Lose Myself Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [The Thieves Banquet](#)

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feat. Josh Osho

[Intro:]

Lose myself in you

Find myself in you

[Verse 1:]

Sometimes I feel like, I'm not enough

Can you please complete me?

Or at least let me sleep with ease

Convince myself to at least release me

I wanna be more than my wealth more than my health

I think I need your help

Be all that I can more than a man that I am

But still not someone else

I put you down just projecting weight by the pound

That drowns my direction,

Hate by the pound surrounds my reflection

I do this for my own protection

Reject it before I'm neglected, defective as it is

Thats my directive, the simple truth is that, I feel protected

Only at times that we're connected, cos

[Pre-Hook:]

I wanna be more than myself

I think I need your help

This song ain't gonna write itself

I think I need your help

This wrong ain't gonna right itself

I think I need your help

I wanna be more than you know

I just wanna, I just wanna

[Hook:]

Lose myself, find myself, see myself,

Be myself, lose myself, find myself

I just wanna, I just wanna

Lose myself, find myself, see myself,

Be myself, lose myself, find myself

I just wanna, I just wanna

I wanna be more than myself

I think I need your help

I wanna be more than you know

I just wanna, I just wanna

I wanna be more than myself  
I think I need your help  
I wanna be more than you know  
I just wanna, I just wanna

[Post-Hook:]

Lose myself in you  
Find myself in you  
See myself in you  
Be myself with you

[Verse 2:]

Save the drama  
I'm far from a knight in shining armour  
I just do the best that I can as a man  
I believe in Karma  
Leaving the drama, is easily harder  
When you find someone, easy to partner  
They ask and its easy to answer  
I think I have found what I seem to be after  
Cos

I wanna tune to your rhythm,  
I want a guide that relies on your wisdom  
Open my eyes is closing my vision  
So it's no surprise that I notice division  
But

I wanna be more than the ordinary  
Ain't you bored of the orderly?  
Just a robot you know what  
You could just order me  
I, pretend I'm the remedy, but I could never be  
Cos of my energy, I am the enemy, always eventually  
Back where it's meant to be, I'm just a remedy  
So

Whatever the weather, however clever,  
You never, ever endeavour, to wrestle with for ever  
Want to get better? Then we gotta sever  
This big ego won' work together

[Pre-Hook:]

[Hook:]

[Outro:]

Lose Myself In You

# Akala - Another Reason Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: The Thieves Banquet

---

feat. Megan Quashie

[Verse 1:]

Water cuts rock, so which has more force?  
As water shapes the land,  
It's still willing to change it's course  
So those who can't even change their own minds  
Usually change nothing  
Can't ever blame your own mind?  
Always blame something  
But in failure, hides opportunity  
In divided communities still residing is unity  
Waiting to show itself  
Soon as we're ready to see it  
The truth is always there  
Soon as we are ready to be it  
So we can keep pretending  
What is real is just the senses  
But it is all the same when  
You are looking with stronger lenses  
So concerned with images  
But it's there in the words  
Images are just imagination  
And that is what is so absurd  
Have you heard the Pig now knows it's fat?  
And the Zebra is confused because it's white and it's black?  
So what is fact right and exact when everything changes  
So change the way you look at the world  
The world changes

[Hook:]

Instead of reasons to die, find a reason to live  
Instead of reasons to fight, find a reason to give  
Instead of reasons to talk, find a reason to sing  
Instead of reasons to take, find a reason to bring

Instead of reasons for I, find a reason for we  
Instead of reasons to try, find a reason to be  
Instead of reasons to look, find a reason to see  
People, I am pleading, find another reason

[Verse 2:]

We are so busy noticing money don't grow on trees  
With what the food does



And miss the food that we need  
You see, I done traveled all over the isles  
And seen the poorest people  
With the wealthiest smiles  
So what is Rich or Poor, Less or More?  
What's victory? What's defeat? And who keeps the score?  
Who sleeps more soundly, the Prince or the Pauper?  
Who speaks more profoundly, the Professor or just the talker?  
The walker or the driver, who travels the furthest?  
The explorer or the pirate, who is providing a service?  
Who decides what is worthless, versus what has a purpose?  
Did the so-called civilized world not think the world a flat surface, just yesterday?  
So, who knows what tomorrow brings?  
It's often the oddest of songs that tomorrow sings  
Look back through the ages, everything changes  
So change the way you look at the world,  
The world changes.

[Hook:]

[Breakdown:]

We find all these reasons,  
To never be the person we want to be  
Because I'm still healing,  
All these wounds that are burned,  
So deep inside of me.

[Verse 3:]

We think that we're smart  
And that makes us dumb  
Think that we feel the most  
And that makes us numb  
Weak because we think that we have the power  
Because we make buildings and guns,  
But not a single flower  
We are just waves but think we are the ocean  
Because it's easier then admitting  
We don't know where the current is going  
We are just flowing  
Why do we feel it needs controlling  
A wave just rolls with the ocean until it reaches sand  
So let's roll with our part, until we reach our land  
Acknowledge that the fear in our hearts, is totally in our hands  
It's not a thing, we just think,  
Imagine the Earth decided that it was afraid to spin?  
So don't be afraid, to sing with your voice  
That is what it is for  
The more we run from the truth  
The closer it gets to your door  
Look back through the ages, everything changes  
So change the way you look at yourself,  
Yourself changes

[Hook:]

# Akala - Old Soul Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: The Thieves Banquet

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feat. Asheber

[Verse 1: Akala]

I don't wanna romanticize another time that's gone by  
But I have to be honest and tell you that  
I am an old soul, sold,  
Some Nina Simone is gonna put me in the zone  
Quicker than some talk of Petrone  
Or Crystal or or Pistol it's oh so tedious  
I want to hear some tunes  
Like strange fruit with meaning in  
I want to hear the wolf howling and the waters muddy  
I want it to dance, want it to make me cry but also funny  
Feeling that inner city blues, Marvin's the town crier  
Some soul-to-soul, some azwad with dubfire  
Some Gregory Isaacs, a little touch of Dennis Brown  
I love the soul but nothing moves me like that Reggae sound  
Jamaican blood, sound system upbringing  
Our black american cousins are big influences  
On the songs we are singing.  
It's all Soul with Africa at it's base  
So Fela and Masakela, Makeba play from the same place

[Hook: Asheber]

I remember, I remember  
Do you remember?  
I remember  
I remember, I remember  
Cause I'm just an old soul  
I'm just an old soul  
I'm just an old soul  
Do you remember?

[Verse 2: Akala]

# Akala - Malcolm Said It Lyrics

Artist: [Akala](#)

Album: [10 Years of Akala](#)

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Malcolm said it  
Martin said it  
Marley said it  
Ali said it  
Garvey said it  
Toussaint said it  
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it  
Malcolm said it  
Martin said it  
Marley said it  
Ali said it  
Garvey said it  
Lumumba said it  
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it

If you ain't found something to die for  
If you ain't found something to die for, you'll never live

If you ain't found something to die for you'll never live  
We might feed and breathe but we never did  
Accept those with peace and equality  
They don't see what we call authority  
Live, speak truth and kill them for  
We love them dead when they speak no more  
But they will endure, ideas are bulletproof  
Tooth of truth it's impossible to pull it loose  
We smother any mouth, they utter it  
Folly Fathers fear, we Mother it  
We're lovin' they're corrupt government  
So we look the other way when in our name they're strugglin'  
We idolize 'em and we despise 'em  
Cos we're reminded we're the ones who are silent  
So, give a moment for the times we were blinded  
Scream at the top of your lungs like a siren

Maybe the wise man has nothin' to prove  
But the one who has nothing has nothing to lose  
More things we don't need will make more thieves  
More laws we don't heed it's all Siamese  
Who leads? It don't matter, they can't make change  
New driver but we got no brakes  
Whatever the place, whatever the face  
The master never ever frees his slave  
They always knew it  
So they pursue it

But we've been too divided to ever be guided through it  
Gotta stop 'em because they're rotten from the days of picking cotton  
To sell us a love song and we're so besotted  
So confused, we believe their promise  
But there are some that lead more honest  
They are not forgotten, though they shot'em  
So scream to the top of your lungs right from the bottom!

Malcolm said it  
Martin said it  
Marley said it  
Ali said it  
Garvey said it  
Toussaint said it  
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it  
Malcolm said it  
Martin said it  
Marley said it  
Ali said it  
Garvey said it  
Lumumba said it  
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it

People don't rebel, the rebels are the tyrants  
You are not God, so we are not defying  
No human nature, just our behavior  
The oppressed wanting their oppressor as their saviour  
Around the globe killin', made to be religion  
But the book said they're sinnin'  
And that is just the beginnin'  
Now spread democracy by dropping a bomb  
On a terrorist with no shoes or socks  
I reckon, history teaches us a lesson  
The bigger terrorist is the one with the bigger weapons  
They talked but we didn't listen  
They spoke and then went missin'  
We can't see all the things that imprison us  
Cos we don't appreciate the freedoms that they have given us  
I wouldn't bet it, that we ever get it  
Run, tell your friends that Akala said it

Malcolm said it  
Martin said it  
Marley said it  
Ali said it  
Garvey said it  
Toussaint said it  
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it  
Malcolm said it  
Martin said it  
Marley said it  
Ali said it

Garvey said it  
Lumumba said it  
I weren't there but I'm sure Dessalines said it

# Akala - The Thieves Banquet Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: 10 Years of Akala

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Once upon a time in an obscure part of the Milky Way Galaxy, there was a spinning ball of water and rock ruled by the forces of evil. The Devil himself, proud of the magnificent achievements of his children, decided to call a special banquet for the greatest thieves in all the land. He sent invites to thousands of the greatest murders, rapists and general-assorted scum, inviting them to attend his palace at the dawn of the new moon. Each thief would be given a chance to stake his claim as the greatest messenger of murder upon the planet, and the Devil himself would then decide who should be crowned king. After many days of deliberating, all of the petty thieves, such as street criminals, have been found far short of the required level of wickedness and there were just four sets of thieves left in the competition. They were: the monarchs of empire, a cartel of bankers, the heads of religious orders, and the third-world dictators. Each set of thieves appointed a spokesman to give his case to the Devil. We have recorded these events for posterity.

Uh, listen

Uh, okay, yo

First up was the thief of the worst reputation

Dictator of a third-world nation

He looked the Devil in the eye as he spoke

In an oh-so-serious tone

Dear Mr. Devil

I am the greatest thief there has ever been on Earth

Please tell me who else more than me personifies your work

I came to power in a military coup, I murdered the elected president

He wanted to use the resources of our country for our peoples' benefit

I proved to masters in the west

I could kill my own people just as well as the best

So I took over the so-called independent country when the foreigners left

Sent squads of death to those who would suggest

In power should be the one they elect

Erected a statue of the great man

That raped our mothers, stole our lands

That's how little self-respect I have

Don't fight slavery, it makes me glad

Account in Switzerland, Rolls Royce

Murder and rape cos I want new toys

Don't want a portion, but a whole fortune

With that profit, what's a little bit of torture

Even outlawed my indigenous culture

And language and history

And taught our people to only worship colonizers

And of course, ME!

Thief!

It's the banquet of the thieves!

Come and dine with me!

It's the banquet of the thieves!

## The banquet of the thieves...

The Devil was so impressed with this wonderful man  
He almost ejaculated on his hands  
But the monarch of the empire said,

Excuse me, Mr. Devil, I'd like to speak if I may  
Who do you think trained this amateur dictator to behave this way?  
Yeah, I'm sure before I came along his country was far from heaven  
But look of the carnage I caused all over the Earth, it's got to be the work of the Devil  
Countless deaths, mass enslavement  
Deliberate starvation of whole nations  
The dictator tries his best, but looking at me, he's just an imitation  
Who do you think pays his wages?  
He would love to be trading places  
I've been doing this ting on the roads  
Way back, way back, way back  
Since the Middle Ages  
Everybody knows he's a criminal element  
They think I'm democratic and benevolent  
And that shows that I'm really devilish  
Cos people think I'm heaven-sent  
I couldn't care about democracy  
You all know no one elected me  
The people love me despite my crimes  
Sucka MCs wanna bite my shine  
So blingin' out of control you would vomit  
Don't even touch dough, but my face is on it!

I'm a pervert who's in the cloak of the clergy  
Yes, I'm a pervert who's in the cloak  
I'm a despicable character  
I use my position of authority and spiritual reverence  
I'm a despicable character

Mr. Devil, allow me to speak  
For all of the religious leaders that leech  
In the world of creeps, I'm initiated  
I take the peoples' faith and dissipate it  
With false promises, hollow oratory  
Don't need a gun, it's daylight robbery  
Dear Mr. Devil  
I thought you would like it  
How I use their faith in God to keep them blinded  
Put on a nice voice, read them a book  
And they believe that I am not a crook  
Tell them God will repay them in the next  
They give me their life savings so I can buy jets  
All the reports about child sex  
None of us have ever gone to jail yet  
This system of stealing, so appealing  
Convinces the victims their lives have meaning



Monarchs boast about conquest  
But needed my blessings to get it done  
And all of the dictators use my books  
Therefore, they are just my sons

The Devil was sure this was the winner  
And was just about to put an end to the dinner  
But then the man from the banking cartel  
Stepped up and said,

I think I'm the biggest sinner  
All of those three depend on me  
All they ever do is defending me  
Cos I paid for all of the things they have  
Of course, and all of the lives they lead  
Paid for the guns, bombs and the tanks  
That's why you see, there is always more  
I turned science's basic appliance  
Into a client of weapon and war  
Paid for monarchies, armed robberies  
I make monopolies out of property  
Never shot a gun nor killed anyone myself  
But billions die cos of me  
Who needs a threat? I make a debt  
Out of thin air, just sit back and collect  
Every single day, whatever they say  
The people need me just to connect it  
Yet none of them knows what I look like  
Yet all of them spend my money to look nice  
They want more, no one's pure  
I hold the keys to every single door  
Sell sex and drugs, profit and lies  
Earth and skies, I'll even sell life  
I'll even sell freedom for the right price  
But no one is smart enough to ask me nice  
So Mr. Devil, give me the medal  
Don't be biased  
If you don't give it to me  
I'll just BUY IT!

Thief!  
It's the banquet of the thieves!  
Come and dine with me!  
It's the banquet of the thieves!  
The banquet of the thieves...

# Akala - One More Breath Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: The Thieves Banquet

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[Intro: Akala (speaking)]

Once upon a time in an obscure part of the Milky Way Galaxy, there was a spinning ball of water and rock ruled by the forces of evil. The Devil himself, proud of the magnificent achievements of his children, decided to call a special banquet for the greatest thieves in all the land. He sent invites to thousands of the greatest murders, rapists and general-assorted scum, inviting them to attend his palace at the dawn of the new moon. Each thief would be given a chance to stake his claim as the greatest messenger of murder upon the planet, and the Devil himself would then decide who should be crowned king. After many days of deliberating, all of the petty thieves, such as street criminals, have been found far short of the required level of wickedness and there were just four sets of thieves left in the competition. They were: the monarchs of empire, a cartel of bankers, the heads of religious orders, and the third-world dictators. Each set of thieves appointed a spokesman to give his case to the Devil. We have recorded these events for posterity.

[Verse 1 Intro: Akala]

Uh, listen

Uh, okay, yo

First up was the thief of the worst reputation

Dictator of a third-world nation

He looked the Devil in the eye as he spoke

In an oh-so-serious tone

[Verse 1: Akala (as the Third-World Dictator)]

Dear Mr. Devil

I am the greatest thief there has ever been on Earth

Please tell me who else more than me personifies your work

I came to power in a military coup, I murdered the elected president

He wanted to use the resources of our country for our peoples' benefit

I proved to masters in the west

I could kill my own people just as well as the best

So I took over the so-called independent country when the foreigners left

Sent squads of death to those who would suggest

In power should be the one they elect

Erected a statue of the great man

That raped our mothers, stole our lands

That's how little self-respect I have Don't fight slavery, it makes me glad

Account in Switzerland, Rolls Royce

Murder and rape cos I want new toys

Don't want a portion, but a whole fortune

With that profit, what's a little bit of torture

Even outlawed my indigenous culture

And language and history

And taught our people to only worship colonizers

And of course, ME!

[Hook]:

Thief!

It's the banquet of the thieves!  
Come and dine with me!  
It's the banquet of the thieves!  
The banquet of the thieves...

[Verse 2 Intro: Akala]

The Devil was so impressed with this wonderful man  
He almost ejaculated on his hands  
But the monarch of the empire said,

[Verse 2: Akala (as the Monarch of Empire)]

Excuse me, Mr. Devil, I'd like to speak if I may  
Who do you think trained this amateur dictator to behave this way?  
Yeah, I'm sure before I came along his country was far from heaven  
But look of the carnage I caused all over the Earth, it's got to be the work of the Devil  
Countless deaths, mass enslavement  
Deliberate starvation of whole nations  
The dictator tries his best, but looking at me, he's just an imitation  
Who do you think pays his wages?  
He would love to be trading places  
I've been doing this ting on the roads  
Way back, way back, way back  
Since the Middle Ages  
Everybody knows he's a criminal element  
They think I'm democratic and benevolent  
And that shows that I'm really devilish  
Cos people think I'm heaven-sent  
I couldn't care about democracy  
You all know no one elected me  
The people love me despite my crimes  
Sucka MCs wanna bite my shine  
So blingin' out of control you would vomit  
Don't even touch dough, but my face is on it!

[Hook]:

[Verse 3: Akala (as the Head of Religious Orders)]

I'm a pervert who's in the cloak of the clergy  
Yes, I'm a pervert who's in the cloak  
I'm a despicable character  
I use my position of authority and spiritual reverence  
I'm a despicable character

Mr. Devil, allow me to speak  
For all of the religious leaders that leech  
In the world of creeps, I'm initiated  
I take the peoples' faith and dissipate it  
With false promises, hollow oratory  
Don't need a gun, it's daylight robbery  
Dear Mr. Devil  
I thought you would like it  
How I use their faith in God to keep them blinded

Put on a nice voice, read them a book  
And they believe that I am not a crook  
Tell them God will repay them in the next  
They give me their life savings so I can buy jets  
All the reports about child sex  
None of us have ever gone to jail yet  
This system of stealing, so appealing  
Convinces the victims their lives have meaning  
Monarchs boast about conquest  
But needed my blessings to get it done  
And all of the dictators use my books  
Therefore, they are just my sons

[Verse 4 Intro: Akala]

The Devil was sure this was the winner  
And was just about to put an end to the dinner  
But then the man from the banking cartel  
Stepped up and said,

[Verse 4: Akala (as the Cartel Banker)]

I think I'm the biggest sinner  
All of those three depend on me  
All they ever do is defending me  
Cos I paid for all of the things they have  
Of course, and all of the lives they lead  
Paid for the guns, bombs and the tanks  
That's why you see, there is always more  
I turned science's basic appliance  
Into a client of weapon and war  
Paid for monarchies, armed robberies  
I make monopolies out of property  
Never shot a gun nor killed anyone myself  
But billions die cos of me  
Who needs a threat? I make a debt  
Out of thin air, just sit back and collect  
Every single day, whatever they say  
The people need me just to connect it  
Yet none of them knows what I look like  
Yet all of them spend my money to look nice  
They want more, no one's pure  
I hold the keys to every single door  
Sell sex and drugs, profit and lies  
Earth and skies, I'll even sell life  
I'll even sell freedom for the right price  
But no one is smart enough to ask me nice  
So Mr. Devil, give me the medal  
Don't be biased  
If you don't give it to me  
I'll just BUY IT!

[Hook]:

Thief!

It's the banquet of the thieves!  
Come and dine with me!  
It's the banquet of the thieves!  
The banquet of the thieves...

# Akala - Pissed Off Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: The Thieves Banquet

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[Verse 1: Akala]

True Words are never beautiful  
Beautiful words are never true  
Every truly clear thing  
Need never prove  
If it is not enough, it will probably never do  
Ever feel like someone lives your life but it is never you?  
You? Not knowing if coming, going or flowing  
Every door that you open  
A key to another one that's broken  
Every word that is spoken  
Somebody else's poem  
And the more that we focus  
The less we ever seem to notice  
It's like the sound of the letterbox early in the morning  
But you know it's nothing good  
Just a red letter warning  
Sucking every penny that we got  
'Til we ain't got a pot left  
All this pressure on my back  
Do we want it off off off? YES!

[Hook: Akala]

Do you feel pissed off just like me?  
Do you feel pissed off just like me?  
Do you feel pissed off just like me?  
I got an idea just why that might be

[Bridge 1: Akala]

We touch it, we taste it, we take a sip  
We feed it, we need it, it invades our lips  
We hold it, we own it, it controls our grip  
It's something, it's nothing  
It's just how we live  
I can't call it  
It's something with how we live  
I can't call it  
It's something with how we live  
I can't call it  
It's something with how we live  
It's something, it's nothing  
It's just how we live

[Verse 2: Akala]

True Words are never beautiful

Beautiful words are never true  
What is your view?  
Blessings or curses, are never ever few?  
The man with no mind  
The one who will never choose  
The skin with no feeling is the one that will never bruise  
We can't feel it, we touch it, we taste it, we breathe it  
We peel it, eat it, believe it, we feed it  
Heed it, we need it, defeat it?  
Won't even meet it  
To beat it you have to seek it  
Cheat it? You just release it  
Beneath it you get the secret  
It's not real  
Guns don't kill, the people behind them do  
All the ism, schisms, divisions, if you decide it's true  
They are doing nothing, shit,  
Just what they're designed to do  
Look close enough at your enemy  
And you will find it's you

[Hook & Bridge 1: Akala]

[Verse 3: Akala]

True Words are never beautiful  
Beautiful words are never true  
The liar is the only one in the world that is never true  
Fly all over the world but never move  
The only vehicle he have, we never use  
Talk a lot about dreams but never do  
Is this just me and you?  
Stuck in this position  
Wishing we even had a mission  
And wouldn't spend 40 years barely chasing a living  
Job that we hate with a dying soul  
Boss that we'd like to strangle slow  
The partner we live with we don't even know  
Because the man in the mirror is just another freak show  
Stand like a pillar but what do we hold?  
Have a lot of things but what do we really own?  
Absolutely nothing  
We're just bluffing the entire show  
All of our discussions  
And our fussing over the price of Gold  
Should we be reminded that a Diamond is just crushing coal?  
And they don't own it  
It's we that make up the motive  
They are not giants, just notice  
They only stand on our shoulders, shit  
And they don't own  
It's we that make up the soldiers  
They are not giants, just notice

They only stand on our shoulders

[Hook 2: Akala]

Do you feel pissed off just like me?

Do you feel pissed off just like me?

Do you feel pissed off just like me?

I've got an idea why the fuck that might be

[Bridge 2: Akala]

We feel that we are not in control of our own lives

We see that we are not in control of our own lives

We taste that we are not in control of our own lives

It's clear that we are not in control of our own lives

But we are more in control, then we could ever know

But we are more in control, then we could ever know

But we are more in control, then we could ever know

The steering wheel is right there, just grab a hold



# Akala - Maangamizi Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: 10 Years of Akala

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x2

How many lives have we lost to the Maangamizi  
It's way bigger than the pain that I place on the CD  
If I told you all the truth would you really believe me?  
It's the Maangamizi, It's the Maangamizi

Maangamizi, meaning African hellacaust  
Because we paid a hell of a cost  
And don't really know what was lost  
And the process ain't ever stopped  
Since black civilization dropped  
Through internal greed and external plot  
Same ones that taught the Ancient Greeks  
Greece and Rome helped to bring to their knees  
Then Islam spread across Northern Africa  
With slavery and massacres  
Too many hurt, refused to convert  
Spread South and West and people dispersed  
Christianity is not alone in using  
Race and religion for power to expand  
Desert caravans took slaves across Sand  
Where they staged a revolt of the Zanj  
Enemies always invented mythologies  
Curse of ham, so-called prophecy  
After the migration  
There was some reinstatement of autonomous nations  
Then floating on the waves of the seas  
Came a plague, a genocidal disease  
With arms and heads, they looked like men  
Really they were just dogs on two legs  
When they first came some of our people said "Go!"  
Most welcomed them into our homes  
We didn't know they had hearts of stone  
Frozen by Western Europe's cold  
Also, there were scumbags among us  
Willing to work for white conquerors honours  
And with that collaboration  
Began the largest forced migration  
In the history of nations

x2

How many millions dead at the bottom of the ocean?  
Thrown overboard like property stolen  
Or jumped overboard rather than be sold on

A mother with her baby in arms, hold on  
What awaited was not just enslavement  
But a genocidal impulse craving  
They committed unspeakable abuses  
To make a nigger from an African human  
Took a woman ready to give birth  
Tied her limbs to four posts held firm  
In a main square made every slave watch  
Covered her in raw meat  
Let off a pack of dogs  
If anyone watching, even a relative  
Made a sound, kill them for the hell of it  
This was every day, not the exception  
The science of gynaecology was perfected  
On black women, no anaesthetic  
They said a nigger bitch couldn't feel pain, pathetic  
Hang a man from a tree cut off his penis  
Force people to eat their own faeces  
Put people in zoos, in a cage  
Chimpanzee, black human, ape  
And it was upon this here atrocity  
Europe became the dominant economy  
Now they play games, pretend it's about names  
It's a scheme for unequal trade  
Imagine the largest companies today  
If all of their employees got no pay  
For all of the centuries profit was made  
Black skin was always branded slave  
Even the child of the masters rape  
Could be killed or sold because black blood in her veins  
But the ancestors fought back, got free  
Probably have not heard of Jean-Jacque Dessalines  
Probably don't know the Haitian revolution  
Caused the French to sell half of America  
Nor know the role that Africans played  
In the Civil War for that same America  
If you ain't heard of Nanny of the Maroons or Bogle  
You probably believe what they told you  
But if they set Africans free  
Because all of a sudden they grow a conscience  
Tell me this,  
Why were the slave masters given compensation,  
And those that suffered not given a thing?  
Why did they then invade Africa?  
And make Africans slaves in their home?  
With the Belgians killing 10 million  
Souls in the Congo alone  
Why then Jim Crow, why Apartheid?  
Why did Black Wall Street burn that night?  
Why collaborators will work for such evil,  
Willing to be tools against their own people?  
Why Africom? Imperialism for the new age

But with a brown face on it  
That's right imperialism for the new age  
But with a brown face on it

x2

Some will try their best to justify this torture  
By asking you who the slaves were brought from  
As if we do not know, tell them "Get the hell out  
Every genocide ever has had sell outs"  
And the largest wars of humans  
Were fought between the people of Western Europe  
So by your rationale it's cool to kill Frenchman  
They killed Germans that look like them  
Absurd right? But when your skin is white  
Different set of rules you can abide by  
Dark suffering is not humanized  
No surprise, we still see ourselves through their eyes  
Darkies became legally human  
During the course of our parents life  
And the freedoms we have only occurred  
Cos our ancestors spilled their blood to the earth  
They changed that much? Are you so sure?  
The world's darker people still the most poor?  
So it's our task to put an end to this  
Even those like me with our heritage mixed  
If a knife is in your back 9 inches  
And it's only been pulled out six  
When the wound starts healing  
And we stop bleeding and bleaching  
Can it begin to fix?  
When the plague of self hate  
Is no longer a weight so great  
Push you to kill one another  
When we put a stop to false charity  
That gives with one hand and bombs with the other  
When the IMF and World Bank, along with their puppets  
No longer strangle our nations  
When the invaders don't have military bases  
In so many places  
When the jail cells are not packed with black backs  
And the gats and the crack are no longer factors  
When we celebrate true self-determination  
Not a few token bit part actors  
When the truth is told and there is  
The dignity to remember the dead  
Because as long as they are distorting the past  
It means they have the intention of doing it again

x2

# Akala - Our Way, The Way Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: The Thieves Banquet

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[Intro: Akala & Ayanna Witter Johnson]

[Ayanna Witter Johnson]

How do we, how do we find our way?  
How do we, how do we find our way?

[Akala]

Talk fights wars  
Silence is never to blame  
Talk's forever changing  
Silence is always the same  
Talk likes to play  
But silence is not a game  
Talk only confuses  
Silence only explains

[Verse 1: Akala]

So they talk  
And talk and talk and talk a lot  
But behind their talk is not  
Any action  
That goes with the rhetoric  
Its bullshit even if you ain't smelling it  
The word is the word  
Even if you're misspelling it  
If there's a heaven  
There's a hell in it  
If it exists, they're selling it  
Got no riches? then tenements  
Is where you live, with relatives  
That's just good biz, development  
Selling a wedding a funeral, sell  
The ugly the beautiful and the unusual, sell  
A life, a death, a dress an adress  
Or a desk or a pound of flesh  
All is acceptable, not regrettable  
When we make a person a decimal  
Line syllable rhyme typical  
Would it be better to mime lyrical  
Im just giving you my individual  
Spin on the things that ive seen in the physical  
I wanna know

[Hook 1: Ayanna Witter Johnson]

How do we, how do we find our way?

When they have, so many things to say  
How do we, how do we find our way?  
When they have, so many things to say

[Hook 1: Akala]

Talk is the fool  
Silence is always the wise  
Talk is the rule  
Silence is only a guide

Talk is the tool  
But silence is in the mind  
Talkings mostly the cruel  
Silence is mostly the kind

[Verse 2: Akala]

See they say so many things  
But then they clip so many wings  
Cos all they really wanna do is win  
And they dont want anyone against  
They try to dismiss our right to resist  
Or to fight with the fist you gotta be joking  
Writing a diss, or reciting a myth, or lighting a spliff  
You must be toking or  
Punch drunk off power abused, used  
In the only way that it has been  
Ever since any time that I can tell  
Maybe its nature we're battling  
The propaganda; new form of  
The hunters trap that's left for the prey  
But these predators will only  
Get fed from filling our heads  
With the words that they say  
More or less, you are more or less  
If you have more or you can guess the rest  
The story is an old one  
In my time on this earth I have told some  
With a Line syllable rhyme typical  
Would it be better to mime lyrical  
Im just giving you my individual  
Spin on the things that ive seen in the physical  
I wanna know

[Hook 1: Ayanna Witter Johnson]

[Hook: Akala]

They say so much, so much they say dont they?  
They say so much, so much they say dont they?  
They say so much, so much they say dont they?  
They say so much, so much they say dont they?

[Verse 3: Akala]

A word only defines another word  
So tell me whats in a name?  
Does the word blood, really tell you  
What it is that flows in my veins?  
May sound odd  
That a poet would try to persuade you  
The words you relate to  
Are nothing compared to the nothing that happens when nothing  
They say do they do  
I suppose what I mean is this  
If i really had peace of mind  
I probably wouldn't speak that much  
And I probably would not write these rhymes

How do we, how do we find our way?  
When they have, so many things to say  
How do we, how do we find our way?  
When they have, so many things to say

So many things to say  
So many things to say  
So many things to say  
So many things to say

# Akala - A Game Named Life Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: The Thieves Banquet

---

And s[Verse 1]

A game named life where fools make the rules  
And poets paint pictures with words that change nothing  
Survival of the fittest they say, are they sure?  
Or just the survival of those with the will to kill more?  
The heart that thinks itself purely, surely is not hungry?  
Because hungry knows too well, the world is fuckery  
And nature is indifferent to the suffering of infants  
That think ourselves growing human beings and something special  
But as fate would have it, I ain't buying the idea of fate  
It seems we shape every place that we grace with hate  
Depending which side of the fence or which epoch  
You die a slow death or be singing from the treetops  
Praise for the status quo, cus you're comfortable  
Those who lost out in this lottery, ha, fuck 'em all  
Nice with this roll of the dice, I'm quite proud and  
I don't know if we will ever roll another time round

[Hook - Mai Khalil]

It's a game named life  
In a game named life  
In a game named life  
In a game named life  
In a game named life  
Where the dice decide where I go  
There I go, in a game named life  
I dream to be let go

[Verse 2]

A game named life, where fools make the rules  
And poets paint pictures with words that change nothing  
Young child soldier, revolver not bluffing  
In a game that teaches children to kill but can't love them  
What is the journey of a bullet from the ground until we pull it?  
A piece of earth made blow holes in souls  
I'd like to know does a child choose in its mother's core or before as just a sperm to be born in war?  
Does another sperm choose greatness floating in his father's pleasure?  
Or does the game only begin when the umbilical's severed?  
Is that the reason babies born screaming?  
Because they know they left the spirit world  
To live here with no meaning among demons  
That see them as nothing more than chess pieces  
In a game named life where even the winners stop breathing  
And the whole thing is as tedious as a tale that is told twice  
We clone life but don't even own our own life

[Hook - Mai Khalil]

[Bridge - Mai Khalil]

Sacrifice, pain and strife  
The game named life is over  
Before we even know

[Verse 3]

Life is a mirror always looking at you  
It's not what we say or think, we are just what we do  
With the time that is given it comes with no ribbon  
Because life is not a gift to everyone that's living  
Most of the moves are made before you took your first go  
Some got a huge head start before their first role  
So you could play with more skill than the other players  
They will still be head because the past generations  
Accumulated spaces so they could practice with acres  
Illuminated arrangements so they could manage retainers  
Are you foolish? They ain't racing we're chasing the pay slip  
So they have won before even the game starts unless we change it  
To another set of rules different from the fools  
But to do that we are going to have to use their tools  
And therein lies our greatest dilemma  
In this game named life, who's playing it better?

[Hook - Mai Khalil] x2



# Akala - The Thieves Banquet, Pt. 2 Lyrics

Artist: Akala

Album: The Thieves Banquet

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[Verse 1 : Akala]

Towards the end of the feast the devil decided  
He was so inspired, he couldn't be bothered with giving no prizes  
In fact he said he would just retire  
Cos he could see that what was required  
To keep our children living in fire  
Could be supplied by these thieves and these liars  
Who had respectable titles  
So he pronounced that he would bounce  
Go back to hell as his house  
Co-sign his work to these thieves like it was just an ounce  
We know not what what was said  
But still live with the effects  
Of what was agreed by the greed  
That night on the Banquet of thieves  
The gist is this: The devil bestowed  
All of the powers for ruling the globe  
Only to those who would sell their soul  
And take the devilish oath

[Hook : Thieves]

I solemnly swear to steal and kill  
Not because i'm hungry for meals  
But because my hundreds and millions  
I wanna see turned into billions  
I solemnly swear to make a place  
Where women and children are raped every day  
Where some eat ourselves to death  
And others can't get a crumb on the plate

I solemnly swear to turn the globe  
Into a living hell for most  
And drug with death, anything left  
That grows or has a pulse

[Verse 2: Akala]

The monarchs and dictators, religious leaders and the bankers  
Had one more course before they could complete the Banquet  
Screaming and panting, baby children were brought on plates  
The end of their tantrums came  
When they were stabbed in the heart with a stake  
And chopped into pieces, served raw with the blood still warm  
All the thieves gobbled down the children without a second thought  
The devil explained; if ever they got to a place where they suffered pain  
Or the slightest of shame, for killing a child

They should leave the game  
Cos the noblest aim is to turn a child's flesh to flames  
For the hollow concept called profit so known as personal gain  
The devil explained, there is a god, death is his name  
So treat this life as if it was nothing more than a monopoly game

So get to work  
There's people to starve and people to slaughter  
And also to torture, any rebellious son or daughter  
If ever you fail, or find yourself getting to frail  
An angry devil will be forced to return from the comfort of hell

(rand of applause)

All the thieves got up from their seats and gave the devil applause  
Bayby's blood dripping from their jaws, totally reddend the floor  
With that the devil vanished  
And left the thieves in the palace  
The banker was the first to speak on how they could meet the challenge

[Banker]  
Look my fellow thieves  
As long as we unite on the scheme  
We'll be living with dreams  
There's never been a team this mean

[Religious leader]  
Yes Spiritual death  
Is what I provide at the devils request

[Monarchs of Empire]  
Monarchs can make laws and the courts  
That would serve and protect  
Our interests and nothing else  
Commoners can fuck themselves  
Cos we all see, democracy will just fuck up our wealth

[Third world dictator]  
That's where I can add some value  
To this gathering of men  
I can kill in broad daylight  
I don't have to pretend  
I can do the things that all you rich developed countries can't be seen to do in public  
But we all know you love it

[Banker]  
Yes!  
And we can pretend we're enemies, still at war with each other  
Though we couldn't be further from the truth we are practically lovers

[Religious leader]  
You're quite right mr Banker deception must be used  
We'll hire prostitutes to spread our views

And call it news  
Another set of prostitutes that call themselves artists  
To say what we tell them to  
Spineless Bastards

[Monarchs of empire]  
Religious leader  
Thou art a wonderful thief  
The last thing that we do need before our schemes complete  
Is a set of puppet politicians  
That talk a lot  
That the people think hold the power but they're really our dogs

[Banker]  
Yes yes yes, yes oh fucking yes!  
Let us drink to murder and theft  
Until there's nothing left

[Narrator]  
The thieves took a toast of warm blood  
And nearly drowned in laughter  
The Bankers passed out a charter  
That they had carefully drafted  
For the international organisation  
Of theft and murder

[Monarch of Empire]  
If we could sign this in blood  
It would be totally perfect!

[Akala]  
That's what they did  
They took the child's bleeding finger  
To sign a commitment  
To keep the human spirit a prisoner  
That's how it's been since then  
A cannibalistic system  
Run by themes dressed in death  
Blessed with the devils wisdom



# Akala - Mr Fire in the Booth Lyrics

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I take 'em out  
(All on my own)  
Cos that's the way im made  
Maybe in your culture suicide is being brave  
The sage of the page makes graves plagued with dark ages  
And ain't no choice to be buried I only do cremating  
For little idiots thats not even rated  
Not even hated not even a factor that needs to be calculated  
And you can't explain it, much less contain it  
Roll with us or get crushed, that i've already stated  
In the plainest terms  
But fools never learn  
Still tryna be what they're not like wearing the blondest perm  
Cos of loss of purpose, I have you lost on purpose  
You can't escape the furnace, so best you praise my verses  
Look around the cooning's a lot  
I spit a sentence quick like a judge with a coon in the dock  
But these clowns with their dead sound hate me  
Still they don't count like a dead brown baby

# Akala - The Fall Lyrics

---

(Ft Amy True)

[Verse 1: Akala]

In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue  
Being the cunt he was, the genocide that ensued  
Was half a millennia of permanent blood bath  
Today we celebrate the rapist and his fucked up past  
Decimate a native, leave him in our path  
Death and destruction, we kick back and we just laugh  
When the culture values dogs more than certain humans  
It is certain it will come up with the worst solution  
Decimation, erase a nation and proudly stating  
Nowadays the language has change  
But it's the same shit since the Nazi's did within Europe  
What Europeans was only supposed to do to natives  
The word "genocide" now carries a little weight with it  
But we don't really mean it, a killer is our patriot  
Ain't nothin' better than a resource theft  
Ain't nothin' more sexy than black and brown death  
We'll tell you what is comin' yeah we'll tell you what is next  
Cause we've eaten here before, we're familiar with the chef  
Hmm, what's cooking? The same dish, different dressing  
The same priest, different confession  
But will still give you a blessing yeah  
A baptism in blood, in fact it was a flood  
In fact it was some grub who packed triggers and mug  
A whole nation, this is empire  
The question is can we aspire to empire?

[Hook: Amy True] x2

We're living through the fall of the empire  
We're living through the fall of the empire  
And we don't even know what is meant by it  
And we don't even know what is meant by it

[Verse 2: Amy True]

See, any foundation that is built on greed  
Raping and pillaging will never succeed  
We're living in the age of information  
Enslavement, call it colonisation  
I call it straight piss taking  
Call it money or lose your debt making  
Breath taking, soul destroying, back breaking  
Where they crack whips for fake staters  
Our society is broken down  
So I don't get a loan or credit cards

See that is out of bounds  
Freezing all your assets, stopping any bank or draws  
Read in to the future cause the past is shiowing many flaws  
We are not collateral, we are something greater than  
Take a stand, let's all take our money out of filthy banks  
Mental evolution, no confusion built communities  
Until my last breath, I won't stop until we all are free  
Shouting People's Army, see I kow there's something blessed in me  
Cause when it all falls down I know there's so much meant for we

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Akala]

Colonise and savage take what is a land  
Then we justify it by claiming that we already had it  
Cause who needs facts when we got force?  
Who needs their own minerals, we'll just take yours  
We ain't talking bout music when we say tours  
Rape mothers and mother nature cause they both are whores  
Tell our kids every day that crime don't pay  
But there's no way we believe the bullshit we say  
Cause it's as clear as the light of day  
The light is lighting up the way  
Of those who trade in graves cause death does pay  
Supply arms to both sides in the fight  
And if you ain't fighting you ain't paying attention to your alliance  
I know something that we ain't learnt  
Yeah, maybe hell is real and one day they'll burn  
But in the meantime, sure they'll earn  
Till their empires done and another one gets its turn

[Hook]

[Outro: Akala]

It's over, the fall  
It's over

# Akala - Sun Tzu Lyrics

---

(Ft Asheber)

[Intro]

Any which way some of you want to come through  
I'm ready for you like Sun Tzu  
Ready for you like Sun Tzu  
Ready for you like Sun Tzu  
Any which way some of you want to come through  
I'm ready for you like Sun Tzu  
Ready for you like Sun Tzu  
Ready for you like Sun Tzu

[Verse 1]

The art of fighting without fighting  
Or fighting when you need to  
It's appealing, we're peaceful but demons if we need to  
Equal whatever you bring we'll meet you  
This sport is a war with a discourse  
Which thoroughbred horse make it through this course?  
Which emcee shall I chew up for this course?  
Same energy known for the sick tours  
No hype man, breath control  
Record a track I do the same thing live  
Can't do that? Ah bless your soul  
You ain't ready for the Shaolin vibes  
Wake up when it's still dark in the sky  
With the heart for the grind and an art full of rhymes  
And the sharpest of lines and a spark of the mind  
So bright that I'm leaving them partially blind

[Refrain]

Any which way some of you want to come through  
I'm ready for you like Sun Tzu  
Ready for you like Sun Tzu  
Ready for you like Sun Tzu  
Any which way some of you want to come through  
I'm ready for you like Sun Tzu  
Ready for you like Sun Tzu  
Ready for you like Sun Tzu

[Hook: Asheber]

Don't be foolish  
What you want to test I for?



I'm a man on a mission  
Don't let I catch you slipping  
It's no competition  
I've been studying the art of war

[Verse 2]

It's the hardest of times we're living in, isn't it?  
So why ain't you disciplined just a little bit?  
Little git, wanna throw a little hissy fit?  
Here's a question, tell me can you riddle it?  
Does it take effort to make yourself really shit?  
Or is that your best that you're giving it?  
Nah, it can't be  
Well, rhyming just ain't for everyone  
Now every little son of a gun seems to think  
From the moment they come out their mum they are the one  
Without ever having what it takes to become  
Ten lifetimes ain't enough  
I was a griot, I was a Sufi  
I was a Mayan priest but not in the movies  
I was a druid pouring out fluid  
Blessing the ancestors cos we come through them  
Hundred more times I was born before  
Before The Windrush came and Britain forever changed  
Energy and memory it remains  
In my veins and it don't take much to reclaim  
All I gotta do is say my own name  
And the power of Greyskull reigns  
Yes, ruthless student, nuisance mutant  
Trains with the Shaolin monks, I'm reclusive  
Name is a thousand thumps with a pool stick  
That reigns on a silly little punk for the bullshit  
Game for a round, punch and we all kick  
Elbows, knees, let's go for the full kit  
Tell your G's I'll believe that they're all sick  
When I see degrees they achieve, we're talking  
A school called wisdom, you could go there anywhere  
Yet you are never there

[Refrain]

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

It's the art of a warrior, heart of a foreigner  
That's living in an all-white town from a toddler  
Graft that your body does half wanna honour us  
But you've gotta tell them that you're past wanting followers  
A class for the coroners, who the ras wanna collar us?  
Kill rate way past choleras

Look at all the revellers, look at what a rebel does  
Sekkile, metal can't settle us  
Dope, but the CIA can't peddle us  
Nope, we go for the throat what you telling us  
Choke, on the little hope that you're selling us  
Joke, I take Britain like Severus  
Cult, it's the occult and its elements  
They wanna reign high but we come to be levelers  
We know the design and we're done with the evidence  
Go with the times get bun for the hell of it

[Refrain]

[Hook]

# Akala - Sometimes Lyrics

---

When I feel like "fuck it I've had enough"  
Might as well bury my head in the sand and run from the world  
No music or politics, I'm done with all of it, I just can't take no more  
It's easy to let the world get you down  
Look around  
It seems that every towns [?]  
The haves, the have nots  
Lives we admire  
Rags to rags lot that never climb higher  
We're on a ladder of life, the ladder of success  
The ladder of fucking over other people the best  
It's a game of chess, where the pawns get sacrificed  
They got limited movement and their on the frontline  
Yeah, the game's rigged from the start  
This we know in our heart  
Yet we pick up the dice and play a part  
But would it be better to act like a spoilt little brat?  
Kick over the whole game with no shame  
"I ain't playin' if I can't win"  
Prayin' if I can't sin  
What is a wife saying to a daft king?  
Not much, power's fucked  
I know it runs the world, sometimes it's too much

Like "fuck it I've had enough"  
Might as well bury my head in the sand and run from the world  
No music or politics, I'm done with all of it, I just can't take no more  
When I feel like "fuck it I've had enough" x3  
In the end I'm like "Shutup you coward, just suck it all up"

Can't sleep, my mind's runnin'  
On a path of it's own and I ain't sure that I'm even comin'  
All night I been tryna get a wink  
The sun comes up now and I ain't had a blink  
I think too bloody much  
All the voices go around in my mind and I can't shut 'em up  
They say "ignorance is bliss"  
I ain't sayin' it is  
On those nights when I can't shut off, I get pissed

For me, this is most nights of the week  
If we look at the world then how could we sleep?  
See in my deeper moments  
I can only keep the [?] on what is wrong with the world and we can't even solve it  
Like we ain't involved with anything promoted than to focus on our own little selves  
The rest can go to hell  
How do I know it so well? It's me

Specially at those times I wanna flee from reality

Like "fuck it I've had enough"

Might as well bury my head in the sand and run from the world  
No music or politics, I'm done with all of it, I just can't take no more

When I feel like "fuck it I've had enough" x3

In the end I'm like "Shutup you coward, just suck it all up"

The road to depression I'm guessin' is oiled by a choked expression

And of course naked oppression

The lessons we're supposed to learn, is not possible

Cause you are not a fool and the teacher's horrible

So what choice left is there for sensitive souls?

Fight the power or let it swallow us whole?

It is easily done, look what we've become

If we could, I'm sure we'd find a way to put out the sun

Sometimes when I feel like collapsin'

Or giving in to the times that I'm trapped in

I contemplate all the others overcoming their fears

Fighting battles far harder so that I could be here

Then I feel like the silly little boy that I am

Count my blessings in the moment and get back to the plan

Inspiration is the strangest thing

How it travels one spirit to another, transforms how we think

I know spirit is a dirty word, in this world obsessed with what we have and what do we earn

But its the only way to explain the voices inside of you

Only satisfied when you are inspired to

Its the reason when we feel we've had enough, always in the end we manage to get back up

Like "fuck it I've had enough"

Might as well bury my head in the sand and run from the world  
No music or politics, I'm done with all of it, I just can't take no more

When I feel like "fuck it I've had enough" x3

In the end I'm like "Shutup you coward, just suck it all up"

Life is hard, life is beautiful

Life is strange, and life is unusual

If life's a stage, then who wrote the musical? (Who wrote the musical?)

# Akala - Murder Runs the Globe Lyrics

---

Every shot that thunders  
Through the nighttime don't you wonder  
What potential was extinguished  
To keep the flames burning under?  
Through the underworld and over world  
Principles are so the same  
Though we pretend they're not as if they do not control cocaine  
But you'll find it's connected  
Every kid in the hood that's living with a death wish  
Is the same as the King who kills for the bling  
But he is just much more reckless  
It's the King that I'm talking about  
Though he is born with a silver spoon in his mouth  
He still gonna clap for the slightest of chat  
At any world leader that can't back it  
If he is sitting on the boxes  
They are just oil or mineral deposits  
Food he is moving fucking with our profit  
So he better stop it  
They say money makes the world go round, but it don't  
That is just not true  
If you ain't got guns to protect that money  
I'll regret that, Sonny, it is more fool you  
Only murder further agendas that money couldn't force  
Eliminate the foes who propose  
To suppose a different course, of course  
A little torture is usually a big supporter  
Though there's nothing quite like killing  
Good riddance to non supporters  
We demonize the man on the corner  
Paint him as a thug  
We worship murder so much  
It's just that he ain't killed enough  
You wanna commit murder  
But not end up in cuffs?  
You gotta make it to the Premier League  
A thousand murders plus  
Who said money makes the world go 'round?  
They just didn't know  
Murder runs the globe  
M-m-murder runs the globe  
Every knife that puncture lungs of sons  
Don't make you wonder Mums?  
If he was born to billionaires backed by a hundred guns  
Would he be living still, drinking, sleeping, eating meals?  
Instead of dead where it don't count  
We expect you to be killed

Because living as a pauper is a fate that is tainted  
Acquainted with torture  
We ain't debating the rape of the daughter  
If she was raised in particular borders  
Place that fate made particular slaughters  
No fate just particular orders  
It's the way of the world no accident  
In fact it's immaculate  
You got a big gun start clapping it  
Cause the language of power devour quick  
Any silly biddy little pacifist or activist or challenges  
Brown or black skin savages  
Who inhabiting land with minerals in it  
Who think for a minute that the rhetoric we spoke  
Hope? Was not meant to be a joke  
Don't dream compassion will happen it won't  
Just go straight for the throat  
Because any nation or races  
That prove themselves incapable  
Of matching modern murder machines  
Make themselves enslavable  
It is murder not money we desire insatiable  
The thrilling of the killing it's million dollars sensational, YES!  
What you can't do with a bribe  
Can be achieved in a breeze with a gun and a knife  
Because only murder further agendas that money couldn't grind  
Nothing like a couple dead kids to change a parents' mind  
Who said money makes the world go 'round?  
They just didn't know  
Murder runs the globe  
M-m-murder runs the globe  
Let's get a little clarity  
You ain't got the capacity to internationally  
Have a say in the ways things happening  
You expect to collect more battering  
Your arsenal it ain't got no nukes  
Armies equipped with too few troops  
We're laughing at you when you call truce  
It's part of the ritual to shoot-shoot-shoot  
You got no background in colonization  
Or public resource privatization  
You can't bang with the big boys, face it  
But you still wanna play like Satan  
You got no death squads to call your own  
Or a pilot to fly your drones  
Much less bulldozers for their homes  
Talk gangster and you want to name Al Capone?  
He was an amateur, silly little boys don't understand  
Even he went jail for tax evasion  
For missing a payment in the payment plan  
To the man, one with invisible hand  
And a hidden fist to enforce my plan

I am just because I can more wicked than the Summer of Sam  
Kick your shit and I kick mine fam  
You bust your gun and I bomb your land  
Only murder further agendas that money can't control  
Nothing like a massacred village to get the problem solved!  
Who said money makes the world go 'round?  
They just didn't know  
Murder runs the globe  
M-m-murder runs the globe

# Akala - Urge to Kill Lyrics

---

Do you ever just have the urge to kill?  
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?  
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?  
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?

Riddle me this, riddle me that  
If murder runs the globe and this we know an accept  
What do we expect when mass murder is to live happily  
Those fight for freedom to face tragedy  
When you really look at the world do you feel a sickness  
Couple dead kids in the world, its just business  
Arm sales economy, added to the GDP  
Maybe its just me, maybe I'm that (?)  
Tho I'm not Siamese  
I do feel your pain  
And I do believe, don't make me act insane  
The state murder is still murder its still murder  
There's no fight that's big enough to conceal murder  
Lets make a movie and celebrate our real murder  
Pay a rapper to glorify niggas kill murder  
But never question your oppressors or suggest murder  
Should be directed in your (?)  
I wonder is it absurd that we protest murder  
Cos clearly they haven't heard that we detest murder  
However much we detest, we cannot deny it  
Cos murder has both hurt and helped human life  
And anybody, everybody has a human right  
To defend themselves from oppressors with a greater might  
I look around this world, such a bloody sight  
I wanna know

Do you ever just have the urge to kill?  
When you realize that peace won't work cos they don't respect peace  
Oh the feeling is so real!  
When you see that murder's legal when it's done by police the beast  
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?  
When you see a child's body like a dog in the streets believe  
Oh the feeling is so real!  
When there is no justice and we can't breathe  
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?

Terrorism is its own religion practiced by millions  
Obviously not just Muslim but also Jewish and Christian  
Atheist, Hindu, Buddhist  
Since when has belief  
Ever stopped human beings  
From being bullies



They pretend one terror is worse terror  
Even while they sponsor their terror it works better  
Even while they bomb their countries and burn Emma  
Even while they colonise them with no letter  
And we, what do we do? Pay tax to them  
Maybe I'm a coward  
No war was ever one by dickheads with a (?) shoutin'  
Rappers can't bring you liberation  
Just articulation do you share these frustrations that I am facing?  
Are you one of these assholes like me  
That believes there's a better world that could be?  
And knows that It won't come so easily  
A revolutionary love there needs to be  
Everyone has the right to defend the one they love  
And no uniform gives you the right to shed my blood  
If the courts systematically denies what we're legally due  
What should we do?  
(?) for heaven and wait for better and hope that it comes true  
Or, defend ourselves from you  
Cos it's only when you aim your violence at your oppressors That its taboo  
I wanna know

Do you ever just have the urge to kill?  
When you realize that peace won't work cos they don't respect peace  
Oh the feeling is so real!  
When you see that murder's legal when it's done by police the beast  
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?  
When you see a child's body like a dog in the streets believe  
Oh the feeling is so real!  
When there is no justice and we can't breath  
Do you ever just have the urge to kill?

Nations and nuclear bombs and colonisers  
Applaud us for our silence reward us for non violence  
While supporting old tyrants  
Calling them all clients  
They bought them with a fortune a slice of the empire  
Of course the (?) tourturing is a science  
To witch you should resort to kill frauds and defiers  
Feel the force of the fires  
Petrol poured on the tyers  
Bet it more than retires  
Whoever's caught in the wires

# Akala - Time To Relax Lyrics

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## [Verse 1]

This ain't a song, it's more like a note to self  
A reminder to me that I need balance  
'cause I'm always working, plannin' projects and preppin'  
Stressin' over the state of this world and how we affect it  
This is part of the gift, the energy that I'm blessed with  
But if you overuse them, then you will blunt your own weapons  
How ever much you train, muscles only grow when you rest 'em  
Yet I don't make enough time to stop and pause for reflection  
Go and check my mum, talk about nothing much  
On a sunny day, sit in the park, stare at the sun  
Feed the ducks, ride a bike, shit sit in a tree  
Anything to escape the stress that the city will breed  
Lucky enough, that what I love is my livin'  
I know that that's rare so chillin' just feels like sinnin'  
But it's not, take your time, you ain't gotta say sorry  
If you're always exhausted, you can't help anybody

## [Chorus]

Through all the work and the wages, bills and the tax  
Through all the stress and the payments and the [?]  
Through all the loss and the gain and the pain we attach  
Through all the stress and the strain that came with the facts  
We gotta kick back, make time to relax  
Gotta kick back, make time to relax  
Gotta kick back, make time to relax  
Kick back, make time to relax

## [Verse 2]

You're not paranoid, things really are designed  
To offer you absolutely no peace of mind  
Maybe that's the price to be paid 'cause we're complicit in suffering all over this world that we are living in  
Cars and the clothes, everything we consume  
Still painted in the suffering of colourful hues  
So we're tainted by the nothingness of what we'll choose  
But overwhelmed by the lack of change if we refuse  
So we all watch the so called news  
And see their views of a bunch of mass murderers paraded as true  
Enough to turn anything in person to a lunatic  
Maybe thats what we already are 'cause we are used to it  
But in the midst of all this  
There's a bliss that you're missing  
Silent moments, one that you love quietly kissin'  
Starin' at the stars, realising that ours is just a world among billions of worlds that we'll never know

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Just take a moment to breathe, is what I'm sayin'  
Breathe deep till the air in your chest is all the way in  
Let it out slowly, feel the tension erodin'  
Listen to the music [?] before you compose it  
Just take a moment to breathe and take stock  
You ain't that important, wars will not stop if you do not  
But health and longevity depends on balance between yin and yang  
And so far I just haven't  
Made enough time to breathe and just chill  
Keep still  
They ain't lyin' when they say stress kills  
So breathe before you punch someone in the mouth  
Breathe deep before you push out and tear down the house  
Breathe before you hurt yourself and your health  
Maybe cliché but it really is our true source of wealth  
Breathe - essence of life and of the universe  
We've done it from birth yet we doubt that it really works

[Chorus]

# Akala - Sovereign Master Lyrics

---

My artillery's full to the brim  
With a criminal syllable peel back skin  
It's a sin, more than a loss or win  
If you take on him I will break your kin  
With the words i'm ashamed him  
Cos with the words i'm a shaman  
Spiritual mind elevation  
Back through time on the back of the rhyme  
Shackles align through back of my spine  
Capturing rhyme all the facts in the line  
And the timing is frightening, i'm brighter than lightning  
Not a man, a character from a movie  
I chew through metal while my hand breaks Uzis  
Who's these floozies?  
Claiming they wanna slew me  
Do what you you gotta do G  
I quite like fighting i've made that clear  
Take your career and replace it with tears  
The Shakespeare is here i take fear and peer  
Into the hearts of men and show you they're cowards  
But I never allow em, i'm sending them flowers  
Like five man on earth that can rap with this shower  
Capture, empower, in fact i'm a tower  
My roots go 10 miles down in the earth  
How you gonna knock man down?  
Silly little clown, when you got a dig down first  
Who wants what with he kid i'm the best  
I don't mean it in jest like most rappers do  
Do yourself a favour look back through the albums  
Mixtapes, and tell me who  
Has been so consistent with blistering speed  
Resisting the system not captive to creed  
Put things over a person  
Verbally i'm worser than the most of the worst of em  
Put a hearse on em, see how it looks  
Put a verse on em, see if he sWorse than a crook, see the words that i took from their language  
I mangle more man that banners starred spangled  
Cos i'm a vandal  
You look dumber than man wearing socks with their sandals  
Some man still do it tho, no shame  
Us man still slew it tho, no strain  
Who said you'll go through with no pain  
They should have told you it is no gain  
The A with the A with the A with the A  
And i stay every day every day every day  
Cos i'm harder than Bane was, Fuck Batman!  
Some prick just defending the system

You all know my name cuz, we attack man  
Get moved along like blacks out of Brixton  
Fact not fiction, practice my diction  
Rip these pricks like zips when you'r zips (?)  
If I catch you, stiff as a statue  
Pain is too much for you to react to, so you just freeze  
I don't really mind, i'm pleased  
Better than your talk just breeze, jheeze  
You don't wanna ramp with these  
Siamese flows cos i'm stuck to the beat  
Chief, you don't really know that's its peak  
The flows so cold better hold your receipt  
And take that back back, when you sold crap crap  
When ya hit back back, akala is back back  
The world so gully, they could all rap about books  
Still have the hood go bap bap, fam  
It ain't that ive seen the strap stuff, i see the bigger picture of where we are trapped at  
A junction, a function, people are munching on our flesh  
Cos were meat for the luncheon  
So i punch them, ones that come with assumptions  
That i won't rumble for lunches  
Im hungry, i'm starving, bones i am munching  
Fuck crews im taking on countries  
Why bring your rap to a nuclear war fight?  
Give it 2 sec, be dead like your hype  
10 years and ive been round the world twice  
Why am i lying? like 10 times  
And i bend rhymes lines, to ascend minds  
And i'm 10 times guys that your friends hype  
Yes im the best and im blessed, so don't test  
Who ever questing whether knowledge is power, are you fucking deaf?

TRACK INFO

# Akala - Freedom Lyrics

---

(Ft Swiss & Amy True)

Free your mind  
Free your goals  
Free your time  
Free your souls  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We want our freedom, ye  
We want our freedom, ye

I want freedom  
I don't know the meaning and how to achieve them  
'Cause freedom founded  
I was thinking how freedom is  
But that's the kind of freedom  
That's crazy and make appealing  
And all other forms of freedom  
Is crazy dangerous demons  
Pray your brains on the ceilings  
For entertaining the meaning  
It's political  
Physical, spiritual and it's healing 'cause  
Freedom is difficult  
It requires a critical  
Master the population  
Not following the typical  
Propaganda accused  
Media supreming news  
In fact it ain't even shock anymore  
It's just real,mask killers  
Dining on fine dinners  
While preaching to us about freedom  
Like we are

Free your mind  
Free your goals  
Free your time  
Free your souls  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We want our freedom, ye  
We want our freedom, ye

Free your mind  
Free your goals  
Free your time

Free your souls  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We want our freedom, ye  
We want our freedom, ye

Listen, I want to be free like the number  
When I feel like to wonder  
Don't want to feel like I'm under  
But over saturated my imaginatical wonder  
Your boxers and cotton, is something I want to come to  
'Cause I'm a freedom hunter  
A true terrorist, a live killer  
Me and Akala brought the pen inside, five fingers  
It's musical medicine  
Dude want to collide with us  
We fighting the spiritual war  
Can I get a further witness  
More fire, more power  
The worst hours  
I can free myself for more these cowards  
The up and downs  
The biggest enemy ain't a coward  
In my surrounds  
My biggest enemy is the enemy  
I'm a stoned gutter

Free your mind  
Free your goals  
Free your time  
Free your souls  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We want our freedom, ye  
We want our freedom, ye

Free your mind  
Free your goals  
Free your time  
Free your souls  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We want our freedom, ye  
We want our freedom, ye

If knowledge is power then tell me please what is freedom  
Can you define a single word that has many meanings  
If you mean it, like I mean it  
Do we really need it  
Is definition another prisoner that we believe in  
Can you be free in prison sitting in your cell  
Can you be free of the system when you living in hell

Can you be free if the vision is too difficult to tell  
'Cause we going round in circles like a dog chasing his tale  
Time will tell, if we fell  
If we live to tell the tale  
If we will ever break the spells that they telling us well  
And get free  
Free from the pressure  
Free from depression  
Free from the lies they tell us in the history lessons  
Free

Free your mind  
Free your goals  
Free your time  
Free your souls  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We want our freedom, ye  
We want our freedom, ye

Free your mind  
Free your goals  
Free your time  
Free your souls  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We go out, a lot out of the way  
We want our freedom, ye  
We want our freedom, ye



# Akala - Bang with Us? Lyrics

---

We've been on this ting for so long now  
10 years at the top of my craft  
Maybe not at the top of the charts  
But who could tell me what independent touring the globe  
And flows as cold as winter was in hand me down clothes  
Live shows of the chain Toussaint  
Seems I was born to be what you ain't  
A man that uses his art to fight  
But still prospers in these hard times  
So what's to hate when you're known around the globe, it's great  
And their known around the globe, it's fake  
The respects so high that  
Left you in a jail full of lifers  
A man sit in silence, try that  
You can't buy that, nah bruv, I am that  
Not because I'm a killer but because I'm a [?] black  
Cause contrary to the rumours  
Our community is not a bunch of delinquents, we are students  
But don't respect the system made by the killers  
The ones that paint us as the villains  
Back to the spittin'  
Listen, who's really my competition?  
Really? Is there somethin' that I'm missin'?  
These kids are kittens fighting with a pitbull  
Carefull my brother you'll get your ship pulled

Who can bang with us? None (What!)  
Who will stand with us? Come (What!)  
Who's still doubting us? Dumb (What!)  
We've been on this ting for so long now  
You can't bang with us, none  
You won't stand with us, son  
You still doubting us, dumb  
We've been on this ting for so long now

I got man puzzled like "I don't get it  
How is he still so well with so much message"  
Don't diss the sisters, celebrate killing other blacks  
But still so fuckin' hard when he raps  
I give you a tip, swag through the roof  
It's no excuse to be boring cause you tell the truth  
When it's said and done, I'm still the same as when I started  
Ain't having a bar for none of these artists  
That not giving a fuck gives me strength  
Now I don't use it on us, use it on them  
But defend what I have to

Sit down Matthew  
Just one if my deciples, take notes  
This is not music, this here is a sport  
Who's ready for the ring ring fire?  
You man are wetter than man's hair in Shoreditch  
I think it's time to retire, heir

Who can bang with us? None (What!)  
Who will stand with us? Come (What!)  
Who's still doubting us? Dumb (What!)  
We've been on this ting for so long now  
You can't bang with us, none  
You won't stand with us, son  
You still doubting us, dumb  
We've been on this ting for so long now

It's the father, you can call me uncle Akala  
What's the palava with Ghana  
Fans here to Ghana, globe, every corner  
Punish every punk that is posing the hardest  
Told you we tarnish those that are garbage  
Get left for dead for opposing the carnage  
So who's next, who's the best of me clones?  
Take out a town like Obama with the drones  
Known for the poems that scorch gin, poor ting  
Probably [?] a 12 year old girls gassed at your king  
But we are grown me so only grown women  
And real hip hop heads, we care for their opinion  
But where are my dominions?  
I swear that your Brazilian  
The way you got brutalised within your own kingdom  
By this German efficiency, without the bigotry  
Harder than the life of a black man in Italy

Who can bang with us? None (What!)  
Who will stand with us? Come (What!)  
Who's still doubting us? Dumb (What!)  
We've been on this ting for so long now  
You can't bang with us, none  
You won't stand with us, son  
You still doubting us, dumb  
We've been on this ting for so long now

# Akala - The Journey Lyrics

---

(Ft Mic Righteous)

[Intro: Akala & (Mic Righteous)]

Isn't the purpose of life to give your life some purpose?  
Chasing these dreams and these goals to only find they're worthless  
(In this eternal circus I could turn in circles  
Spins around the fire burning  
We're searching for higher learning)  
Distracted by higher earning  
Yearning for more than what's on the surface  
What if I told you that inside you were perfect  
(Would you believe me or say I'm crazy man, what's your verdict?)  
The furthest from the battlefield is always love and war  
(The one who's on the front line, well he ain't as sure)  
Don't appreciate all your blessings, you need to struggle more  
(Might have the fullest plate and live amongst the poor)  
If you've got a heart full of hate then you are just as flawed  
(What if the journey is the destination, what you reckon, if you present)  
Is a present, will you grab it with every second, or  
(Would you still wreck it, given a second chance?)  
Now that we've even said it, nah, we ain't no better, in fact)  
We're just as wreckless and we ain't got the answers  
(These are just our questions)

Journey with us, journey as we ask these questions  
(Journey with us, journey with us)  
Journey with us, journey as we're learning lessons  
(Journey with us, journey with us)  
Journey with us, journey with us)  
We ain't got the answers  
(Journey with us, journey with us)  
We've just got the question  
Is this what they're waiting for  
Cause we give it to them straight and raw  
Is this what they're waiting for  
(This what they've been waiting for)

[Hook]

Every journey begins with just one step  
Turn over the page, open the book, just look  
Every journey begins with just one step  
Put your foot in front of the other and just move

[Verse 1: Mic Righteous]

I've been livin' in a prison in my mind  
You been nothin' like mine, when you talk, pigs fly  
What you call this life

What you glamorize is a pack of lies  
I'm with a pack of lions  
You ain't playin' with my pride  
That's patronising, talking to the young thugs  
Who ain't ready for the pop-pop  
Little akon, you don't wanna get locked up  
You don't wanna be a convict  
[?]  
Don't you fuckin' have a concious?  
I got this  
Can't stop it there  
That's how I felt for the last couple years  
You don't wanna confront my peers  
My brother just lost somebody  
So I had to go back to the manor and confront my peers  
And comfort my peers  
All this time I'm funding my career  
All this time I fancy getting here  
Yeah, I'm stood in the middle of nowhere  
And I broke my back just to get here  
Then and there is where dad just said a prayer  
Still feel the blood of the person  
I was building up with me, yeah I'm prepared  
Still feel the blood of the person  
I was building up with me, yeah I'm aware

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Akala]

Akala and Righteous, the words we are uttering  
Feel in your spirit, the pain we are summoning  
Cause we came up in the suffering, now we're recovering  
But it still feels like we're stuck in it  
There's enough of it  
Everyone's sucking the life out of people  
If it doesn't toughen em  
Break, crack, shatter your life  
This is the journey, it ain't always nice  
We have not learned to disable the lies  
It seems we're determined to pay all the price  
But still, I murder a rhythm like no one in Britain  
I'm righteous on mics when I'm spitting  
Fam, don't worry bout me I am living  
Just play your position and stay out the kitchen  
When the rhythm hit him in the chest, better get a vest  
I'm obsessed in his steaks there on the decks  
Getting vexed, it's a head stare on your neck  
So who's next to express? Get it off your chest  
Chess that I play, fuck the right game  
Time you were sure you aboard the right plane?  
This one right here it goes where I say  
The journey is allowing me to focus my pain

To spit phrases, moltonize flames  
You'll get burned and frozen, that's only quite tame

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Mic Righteous]

Brush off my shoulders and bubble them others

[?]

Now all the lies will just turn into mumbling, turn up my mic again  
Turn up my mic so they know who the fuck it is, know when I'm coming in  
You just a problem for rap, when I rap I'm a problem for governments  
There's a problem in mainstream media coverage, feeding us utter shit, please keep em coming in  
This year I'm encouraging anyone with the courage to go up against  
The system we're stuck up in  
And if you ain't with us then fuck if then  
Become a pawn or become a king  
Become a pauper, they die by the sword of another poor  
Why are we fighting each other for?  
Why are we fighting our brothers for?  
What's the price of a life if you young and poor?  
Looking online at a life for [?]  
I got a son that needs [?]so I'm opening doors  
[?] hopeless  
That is more dangerous than a man who is deperate, broken  
Coming back from an injury, did you missed me?  
Man a wanna throw me out like a frisbee  
(Where you been fam?)  
Wanna know where I've been G?  
(Yeah, tell me now)  
I've been alone, it's a rocky road, Kingsly

[Verse 4: Akala]

It's a rocky road in the stories that we're told  
Well I'm evolved from the places that we've growed  
You wasn't there when the rental was in arrears  
And the bailiffs came to the door  
You wasn't there, didn't witness all the tears  
In fact have you ever been poor before?  
You sure this ain't Jersey Shore?  
This is your life, it is totally raw  
Uncle's is going to prison  
And half of your role models getting their dough in the kitchen  
Living right next to the rich kids  
One street away but our struggle is totally different  
I am the man of the house where I'm living  
And I'm like 11, I'm destined for prison  
I never went though cause I beat the system  
And all of my villains is proud that I broke tradition  
You don't know shit about us  
Do not discuss what you cannot sus  
Sus is the start of them fuckin' us up  
No it wasn't just not enough luck, better suck it up

[Hook]

# Akala - Don't Piss Me Off Lyrics

---

You what?

Grunt

You what?

I don't like to lose my temper but they give you no choice

It's like they were born irritating, even the sound of their voice, is dedicated to testing the patience of the most saintly type, elevated

So when they are faced with us that are basic are we supposed to be able to take it? I can't, can you?

No? Well then, here's what you tell them: Don't piss me off!

It's the tone of a pompous git when he's on your shit and he just make you wanna spit but instead you bite your top lip and feel like a dickhead

'Coz this ain't the time of place for a punch in the face but you just wanna humble a mug

Move peaceful with abundance of love but you're not a prick and he muddled you up

Taking him out with a straight to the mouth, sometimes that's all they understand

Taking him out and then straighten him out so he realises he won't ever shout in the face of a grown ass man again

Are you a little boy and your only 10? Like if you need to you won't defend? Must've confused you with him and his friend but when you blow your gasket shit gets drastic, you're not elastic snap like a matchstick and you will slap pricks, yeah

Hype as an Irish man on St. Patrick's

Don't piss me off

Don't piss me off

Don't piss me off

You what, you what

Don't piss me off

Don't piss me off

Don't piss me off

Don't piss me off

You what, you what, you what, you what

Don't piss me off

I don't like to lose my temper and it don't happen that often

Sometime somebody wanna be a problem and nothing else will stop them other than knowing that physical conflict ain't off the roster

Box an imposter. This ain't life or death, this ain't my family under a threat

It's just a day when a little mug gets, out of his pram 'coz he don't recollect how it could get when the left hook checks, that same mouth that spouted the mess

You ain't on road, you don't need to body no-one, unless they trouble your mum

Fuck doing life, over little backchat. That's what the elbow's for to attack that

I ain't gonna lie, when I was a younger, shit, something in an avirex in the summer

I got lucky lotta man doing bird, wanking no access to a bird. Over he said she said, what have you heard?

My ends, your ends, shit is absurd. So here's to an old school punch up, come and have a dust up, we

should be teaching the youngers

You ain't on road, you don't need to body no-one, unless they trouble your mum. We are not dumb, we know how fools are become, everyone on a knife and a gun. But we all seen too many man doing life, 50 in a cell, over the hype so let's get old school lets just fight, put up your fists and tell 'em like this!

Don't piss me off  
Don't piss me off  
Don't piss me off  
You what, you what  
Don't piss me off

Don't piss me off  
Don't piss me off  
You what, you what, you what, you what  
Don't piss me off

(Akala talking)

Don't piss me off  
Don't piss me off  
Don't piss me off  
You what, you what  
Don't piss me off

Don't piss me off  
Don't piss me off  
You what, you what, you what, you what  
Don't piss me off



# Akala - My Mind's Changed Lyrics

---

(Ft Selah)

[Chorus:]

My mind's changed  
It's part of living this life  
So wrong or right  
We expand our mind  
Cause my mind's changed  
I don't know what to say  
Along the way many wrongs in this place  
Caused my mind's changed  
The things were better before  
I ain't sure that they matter anymore  
Cause my mind's changed  
My mind's changed [x2]

[Verse 1:]

In my mind a thousand characters battle to be heard  
Each one screaming at the top of there lungs  
So I can't make out a word  
And all occasion  
One of the fools within my cranium  
Recovers the rules, discovers the tools  
For good communication  
And the beatens ceases a million Jigsaw pieces  
Shard of my shattered childhood fit together so easy  
And violence has meaning  
Poverty is honourable  
That's me projecting back  
From the space I am now  
When you in and you live it  
It is more than just horrible  
Any day you wake up your life can announce  
Don't quote me statistics  
That won't cure the feelings  
When I can see the life expectancy is half of my pears  
I done made it to thirty  
Further than my mother  
Four Corners, lions went off the rails  
But never did get caught  
Maybe the strength from my mind  
Or powers divine  
Or good old fashion love will explain it just fine  
Swat team never past the stick that matter  
You squashed the beef  
Time the lord you promise to just cock and squeeze  
I want that God

I was just acting  
The pride and the confines of my mind  
I was trapped in  
Funny how shit work  
The way how we grew up  
See how the other brother face straight screw up  
Now I see my brothers and I see my reflections  
Don't mean not prepared for the worst  
That mean I just ain't expecting  
And the fear, and the crave and protecting  
The need and direction  
I no longer feel the need to mask those aggressions

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

In my mind I would die for the things I believe  
One of the mind's greatest powers is how it deceives  
And you beliefs, is silent  
Tell your people dialogue  
Still you got to maintain conviction and never trying to stop  
And I do not, know  
No can I tell u surely  
Surely, that pure speculation  
That's not put before me  
But what the mind conceives  
I strive to achieve  
It's cliché  
As the phrase say, I believe it's true indeed  
Believe is powerful  
The image of christ  
Got half the entire planet believing that the saviour is white  
And skin bleaching and such other sickness  
Must be understood within us  
Mind's more evaded by  
Multi purposed layered image  
Ye many different mind's resort the same  
That we share a power switch  
Soon cut this cord  
Disconnect from our minds  
Ye I called thind mind mine  
The one, know nothing is in  
Can't define it much  
Cause find it doesn't reside in my brain

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

In my mind is a nation of it's own  
That I don't condone  
Much less control  
The occupy the form

But know that I'm the servant  
More like an observer  
Powerless to stop myself  
Witnessing the murder  
It's a curve and I'm recurving it  
Nothing is ever certain  
Cause the story tell us freestyle  
And making up the word  
And as it goes along  
Just to throw me off  
So I don't know the plot  
Even though I am on screen  
Take the credits from new open shops  
And that may sound cryptic  
But I ain't got a clue  
How to explain to you  
The things that we go through  
I know that you feel it too  
You know more control than I  
It's a charge, I wish they find the cure so I wouldn't die  
Seem like we charged that we would call alone  
Along, thinking with discipline is 20 years old  
Ye I gone back in time for only two minutes  
The chapter on my mind is why i produce  
It's an overload  
It's in the coded code  
We know it's on the only show  
On the road  
Been told, ever since it hit Rome  
Never showing them the cause of the flow  
That a force to change the course  
So we reaping and sewing  
See the mind is the reason why we fooled up a lot  
And if you troubling someone's loved ones  
Then we fiending for blood  
I want to grow up  
And grow down  
And go back into the ground  
And some of the things produced by the mind  
Might just stick around

[Chorus] [x2]

# Akala - Riddle Of Life Lyrics

---

(Ft Ayanna Witter-Johnson)

[Akala: verse 1]

Who can read the riddle of life  
It's a tale told by an idiot, still we can't figure it  
Maybe the simplistic things  
That is where the wisdom is  
Freedom only has meaning if you know what a prison is  
All we see is differences, death don't distinguish 'em  
Flickering flame to the brightest light it extinguish 'em  
Then its gone little spec gone forever  
The soil that covers bones decomposes whoever  
Weather you're rich or you're clever  
A buyer or seller could not trade what they made for another day even as a slave  
The heathen is made by believers enraged  
As a gauge to find a way, to deceive us in wage  
From the, screen to the page, to the wall to the cage  
I wonder if what we say  
Ever really has changed  
Because, we ain't got a clue from whome that we came  
But giving a name is one of the ways that we entertain

[Hook : Ayanna Witter-Johnson]

Deeper  
And deeper, I go  
Searching for something  
Unknown  
Wonder  
The (?) my soul  
Standing for something  
I love

[Verse 2]

Who can read the riddle of life  
I have wondered many times if Shakespeare was right  
And it signifies nothing  
Just that heaven's bluffing  
But the jokes on us cos we duiscuss all this deeper stuff  
(?)  
Cos it all just eventually, turns into dust  
Must we change our disgust for the lust of depravity?  
And adjust our (?) cusp of reality  
I ain't sussed enough to give myself clarity  
But I do know enough not to trust any charity

Cos the, language of death  
Is spoken, by a golden breath  
I know that I am golden but I am not hoping to be next  
Yes, I do cling to this vanity  
And I dip my pen in the ink of insanity  
When mind numbing disparity  
Passes as normality  
The comedy of history's we don't see it's a tragedy

[Hook : Ayanna Witter-Johnson]

[Verse 3]

Who can read the riddle of life  
We ain't given equipment for recognising the signs  
So lines are unclear  
Trying to undo tears is near enough impossible  
We're clung to fear  
The cost of letting go, is less than we know  
But still, it's way more than we are willing to show  
So we cling harder, my mother and my father  
As if, they're the only ones that gave birth to a child  
They say, life is a gift but I don't know if it is  
Not because I'm pissed I literally don't know what it is  
Are we spirits from another realm cast down into this world?  
Or just animals focused on how we feed ourselves  
Heaven or hell what's the perspective?  
A strong desire to return to the source and we call it a death wish  
But maybe, they have just settled the riddle  
No beginning or end but there's a life in the middle

# Akala - Dark Corners Lyrics

[Verse 1:]

Gangster, The Revolutionary, A Rape Victim, Random Accident  
Drug Addict, A Politician. Whatever our self, or worldly definition we can't escape the [?] transition. Some  
characterize it as the judgement of the sinners. Others spiritualize it and they say: 'There is no difference.'  
Energy ain't created or destroyed it just changes form once we play the song the sound just travels on

[Chorus:]

Dark Corners

The Dark Corners are the place where we look death in the face  
And we let it give us chase but it always gets away  
Dark corners are the place where we're running out of luck  
And we cannot back it up. Death always catches up

[Verse 2:]

As the needle plunged into the vein and blood was exchanged for dosing around Afghan something was  
strange this time the substance he injected was pure. Everything he had before had been cut never raw. Like  
all users he had used to make the pain disappear and it was the only time in life that his mind had felt clear.  
He had struggled with the sickness ever since fourteen when he remembered the hand that touched him  
understood what it means. After even longer struggle he finally got clean and met a girl that made it worth  
pursuing his dreams. They had plans to start a family with a wedding in June. He didn't know he was so  
conventional but yeah it was true so when the news came about Michelle he just lost it. Ran straight back to  
the same block where he used to cop it. His old connect came up in the world who'd supply a grade much  
higher. Went and he hit it straight fire. His skinny body went into shock and fell asleep his brains forget to tell  
the lungs that he needed to breathe. Dark corners. Now he's in them dark corners. When we hit them dark  
corners we can't see  
But dark corners

[Verse 3]

A good girl, a normal girl that was everybody's view and though this annoyed her  
She couldn't deny that it was true. Whatever conventional was she was it. Grew up with both parents nice  
house in the Sticks. Though they had never been rich they certainly did prosper  
Parents from Nigeria and both of them doctors. Church every Sunday, she had never missed a week ever.  
School she was top of the class yet they demanded better. Went straight to Cambridge, studying law. But  
had strange dreams of justice and helping the poor, maybe that was part of why she chose him, didn't know  
what in her mind. But he was clever and kind of a little troubled inside. Her parents wanted for her a nice  
Yoruba boy. So when they found out he was English they were slightly annoyed. But when they found out he  
was addicted to drugs it was too painful. Said they 'wouldn't come to the wedding it was totally shameful.'  
Michelle left the house in a storm. It was a rainy night she never saw the truck before it ended her life. Her  
parents had decided that they would apologise. But they never got the chance in the end. We live on  
borrowed time and when them dark corners come. No, you cannot run. No longer shall your skin bathe in the  
sun, that's right. When them dark corners come. No, you cannot run. No longer shall your skin bathe in the  
sun

[Chorus]

Dark Corners

The Dark Corners are the place where we look death in the face  
And we let it give us chase but it always gets away

Dark corners are the place where we're running out of luck  
And we cannot back it up. Death always catches up

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[Verse 4:]

Born of Old Money, yeah, born into wealth. But how well did he play with the cards he was dealt? In his life on this Earth trip, the family confessed, even his father was slightly jealous of what he accomplished.

Became an icon products became the symbols of the age each time they were released you should have seen all the craze. Seen as an innovator. The great creator but beneath all the shine and the sheen was the slave labour and of course, there was that war they were funding to keep, the minerals flowing from the African Republic when the products they released

[?] The scientist that authored the report disappeared, thus, the message is clear, as power is old It's blood nourishes soil in which powerful grows. Power changes reality and this CEO had enough leverage that the media only painted him as gold. But despite all the wealth and the things that he owned on his deathbed he couldn't find comfort for his soul. All he could see is images of death [?] Victims of mercenaries that this government had trained, died in a cold sweat, drowned him in shame. Billions couldn't buy him another day or numb the pain

[Chorus]

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